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ONE BY ONE the miserable slanders and lies of the World War are being exposed. Now it is Brigadier General James E. Charteris, said to have been Chief of Intelligence of the British Army during the war, who at a dinner at the National Arts Club in New York City let the cat out of the bag in regard to the abominable story that the Germans were utilizing the bodies of their dead in order to obtain fats and other things needed for fertilizing and for the making of ammunition. From a dead German soldier General Charteris obtained a picture of some German dead being sent home and one of the cadavers of dead horses being returned from the front for fertilizing purposes. Knowing the Chinese ancestor-worship, General Charteris changed the caption under these pictures and sent them to a Shanghai newspaper, England being then eager to rouse Chinese sentiment against the Germans. He then forgot all about it, until six weeks later a letter from a Chinese reader of the *Field*, a British hunting publication, told the story, current in China, of the "horrible boiling down of dead German soldiers."

THE STORY SPREAD all over England, and this high-minded and gentlemanly general even went so far as to have a diary forged purporting to tell the feelings of a German soldier employed in the boiling-down factory when suddenly he found that he had to boil the body of his brother. This was so raw that even this hero did not dare use it, but it is now in a British war museum, doubtless as an authenticated war document. Thus does war make blackguards, slanderers, forgers, liars—in brief, scoundrels—of officers and gentlemen. General Charteris told this pretty anecdote to his hearers as "an amusing sidelight on the work of his office," according to the New York *Times*. It seems even now that a man who would stoop to such statements ought to be expelled from the society of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Less disgusting but equally illuminating is the confession in a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, one of the foremost British weeklies, which reads thus: "It is seven years since the war ended and we are still pretending that the Germans are an inferior and predatory, if not actually criminal, nation. Such pretenses served our purpose legitimately enough during the war, *when we wanted to get the Americans into it*, but in 1925 they are merely ridiculous." This is the stuff that the great Ambassador Walter Hines Page and the American press fell for, by which the American people were fooled into entering the war.

ADMIRAL SIMS on the witness stand is a joy forever. He has never been known to adjust his utterances to spare official feelings, and when he appeared in Washington before the air inquiry he lived up to his reputation. What could be more delicious than this? Asked by Senator Bingham to comment on Secretary Wilbur's statement that "my idea is that there is no such thing as control of the air as long as the enemy has one plane," the Admiral replied: "I wonder who told him that. . . . The remark of the Secretary, although he does not suspect it, does not mean anything at all." The Admiral declared Colonel Mitchell a "bully good fellow" who "has done an inestimable service in bringing this thing to the attention of the people." His scoring of the moss-backs in the Navy Department was merciless; it demands a complete overhauling of the Department at the hands of Congress. As for the airplane, the admiral took the position that every battleship is at the mercy of fliers. Confirming our recent editorial, Twin Military Evils, he declared that all new weapons have been resisted by military and naval authorities throughout the ages, spoke of the opposition he had witnessed to taking the sails off battleships, to the torpedo and submarine and other new devices, and did not hesitate to refer to his own insubordination in Roosevelt's day when he attacked the Navy Department for its delinquencies in the matter of target practice. His testimony, however, was against such an independent air service as has been urged by Colonel Mitchell. Why Secretary Wilbur is allowed to stay in the Cabinet after these recent revelations is hard to understand.

JOHN W. WEEKS was the type of the dull and rich business man in a high administrative office, without vision of a new and better society, and completely contented with the world, as it is, in which his lines have been so happily cast. But he had the right to crow, as he did on retiring as Secretary of War, over what he had accomplished toward militarizing the United States. It is not his fault that we are not even further along the road

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to complete militarization and universal military service. From the war he learned only to go on with the system of force which his own chief, President Coolidge, has just declared a total failure. His own connections with big business were of the closest and would not have borne too eager inspection. Mr. Weeks is succeeded by a younger, abler, and more attractive figure, the Assistant Secretary of War, Colonel Dwight F. Davis, who is, however, as much in sympathy with the aggressive army propaganda and the introduction of military training in schools as his predecessor. The new Assistant Secretary, Colonel Hanford MacNider, is of the perfect militarist type. As the able, fire-and-hatred-breathing head of the American Legion he committed himself to the very opposite of those new policies of disarmament and liberalism to which Mr. Coolidge has suddenly announced his devotion. Both Davis and MacNider had admirable records on the front in France; the War Department is thus entirely in the hands of men who fought abroad.

THE CHINESE CUSTOMS CONFERENCE opens at Peking with the Western Powers apparently agreed rigidly to limit the scope of its discussions. In Shanghai the "judicial investigation" into the May murders has opened, with the British and Japanese "judges" playing, according to the correspondent of the New York *Times*, roles evidently dictated by diplomatic instructions. Will the Powers never learn? We hope that Washington will not let itself be drawn into playing the British game, but will instead cut loose and follow Senator Borah's stirring advice:

> China [he said] will assert her independence and right to administer her own laws within her dominion, to fix and collect her tariffs, and nothing less will satisfy and nothing less should satisfy her. If the other Powers in China do not wish to proceed along these lines, nevertheless the United States should. If the United States cannot have the company and cooperation of other Powers, which she certainly would desire, she should shape her own policy and pursue her own course.
>
> We must either treat these peoples justly, fairly, and as equals, or we shall have to fight them. I am in favor of trying the policy of justice for a time instead of force, of fair treatment instead of exploitation. I think it will work more to the cause of peace.

RENTS ROSE IN PANAMA. Protest meetings were held. The President of the republic, denounced by the rent strikers as "a tool of the wealthy landlords," forbade public meetings. Public meetings were none the less held, at which the renters demanded that a law similar to the New York State law be passed, barring increases in rents which would yield more than 12 per cent on the landlords' investments. The Panama police fired on the demonstrators, killing one and injuring eight. The chauffeurs and street-car conductors struck in sympathy with the League of Renters; the bakers also threatened to suspend work. At that point the President went into conference with three American officials, including the governor of the Canal Zone and the general commanding the canal troops. (This essential point, omitted in most of the American newspapers, was carried in the excellent United Press accounts of the affair.) Thereupon the President "requested" American intervention, and 600 American troops marched in and took possession of Panama at 1 p. m. on October 12. Before midnight they had killed one and wounded two and arrested forty Panamans, and had fired into the windows of the demonstrators' houses. All the strike leaders were jailed. Soon afterward a conference of landlords agreed to return to the rents of January, 1925, and the American troops were withdrawn. The strike leaders are still in jail. The troops may have done a good, quick job; but a few Americans may wonder if that is the kind of national defense which keeps the tax rate high.

EVERY AMERICAN EXPORT HOUSE will doubtless be doing an active business with Russia before the American Federation of Labor gets around to recognizing the first workers' republic in the world. Arthur A. Purcell, fraternal delegate from Great Britain and member of the recent British Labor mission to Russia, pleaded in vain at the federation's convention at Atlantic City for a renewed understanding with the Russian trade unions. President Green in reply uttered new vows against any traffic with communism, and the convention declared its hostility to the Soviets "not merely in defensive manner, but in a vital and aggressive manner," commending the United States Government for "its courage, its adherence to fundamental principles of democracy" in refusing to recognize Russia. And for the first time the expulsion of Communists from the trade unions was formally recommended. Characteristically the federation coupled friendly gestures to China—a demand that the unequal treaties be abolished and a hope that Chinese labor would develop its trade-union organizations—with a unanimous vote against any attempt to reopen the question of Oriental immigration.

APART FROM THESE EVIDENCES of insularity the tone of the convention was optimistic and aggressive. The A. F. of L. is growing, for the first time since the post-war slump. The paid-up membership is now 2,878,297, with half a million more members on strike or unemployed. Mr. Green opposed the policy—forced upon many of the British unions—of accepting wage cuts for the sake of restoring markets. He urged a strenuous campaign of organization of non-union trades and plants, and pressed the adoption of union insurance schemes, even of investment advice for workers. The worst danger to unionism he sees in company unions and employee representation, and he cannily suggested that the presence of union representatives in the management of such schemes would modify their evil effects—a page out of the book of William Z. Foster. Important plans were laid at the metal-trades meeting for organizing the great non-union automobile companies—including the Ford plants. The international officers of all the trades involved will work out the plans together to avoid the danger of jurisdictional friction in fighting this difficult battle. If the unions gain a toehold in this open-shop fortress perhaps they will dare to face in earnest their hardest and most important campaign—the organization of the steel industry.

SLOWLY, but with compelling momentum, the effort to bring the baffled, perplexed parent to the door of the psychologist, and let the parent peep inside, is bearing fruit. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," wrote Solomon centuries ago, and the Oriental despot has helped to hold the thinking of fathers and mothers in bondage ever since. Little difference did it make to them that Solomon had so many wives that he probably did not know his own offspring by name,

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nor which were his and which the neighbors'; it is not surprising that he found the rod desirable, or at least easy, but it is a pity that his ignorant maxim is applied in the single small family today as if it were eternal wisdom. Physical chastisement is only one thing now under suspicion. It is a news event of major importance that the first conference for parents on Modern Parenthood is being held in New York City, October 26-28. The important years of childhood, the stress and marvels of adolescence, the approach to maturity—all these are going to be discussed; psychologists and educators will be there. This is a culmination of long effort, and the door of the modern child specialist may never be so tightly closed again, especially to fathers and mothers, as it has been in the past. The Child Study Association of America, Inc., which is holding this conference, invites everybody.

THE *WRITER* has been conducting a symposium on the question: "Is newspaper work good training for writing fiction?" The question comes up frequently in the United States, where the example of Mark Twain is supposed to argue powerfully for the affirmative. Very seldom, however, has it been given so complete or so amusing an answer as that which Sinclair Lewis gives it in the current issue of the *Writer*. Briefest paragraphs are quoted from Irvin S. Cobb, Floyd Dell, William Allen White, and Peter B. Kyne, but a veritable homily pours forth from the author of "Main Street"—who, also, was once a newspaper man. "Such training," he insists, "is (always with exceptions) either useless or positively injurious"; and his reasons are three—that it teaches nothing but haste, that it cultivates too much the habit of writing under orders, and that it exposes the reporter to certain "high-lights of existence" which "are far less important to a genuinely creative writer than the steady, unmelodramatic, daily life which may be uninteresting as immediate news but which forms the basis of all veritable poetry, fiction, or criticism." More interesting yet are Mr. Lewis's rosters of names for and against. These are for: Irvin Cobb, Dickens, Mencken, Dr. Johnson, Dreiser, Mark Twain, Cabell, Arnold Bennett. These are against: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, Tolstoi, Flaubert, Edith Wharton, Galsworthy, Hardy, Conrad, Michael Arlen, May Sinclair, Hugh Walpole, and Elinor Wylie.

TWO ROBUST AND OLD-FASHIONED AMERICANS were General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio and Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana, who died on the same day, October 14. General Sherwood took part in forty-eight battles of the Civil War, rising from private to brigadier general, and he was a useful and able Congressman until he had passed his ninetieth year. The scars he won from 1861 to 1865 made it easy for him to oppose both our war with Spain and our entry into the World War, as he did with all the courage and intrepidity of his brave and honorable character. America to him did not mean overseas adventures and a course of imperialism and militarism. Knowing war as he did, he could truthfully say that we should as a nation be too proud—and too sensible—to fight. Senator Ralston had by his forthright virtues won the admiration and regard of his State. He took office not as a politician but as the servitor of his people. So he reformed governmental methods when he was governor, reduced taxes by instituting wise economies, and developed the schools and the other institutions of the State by giving them additional appropriations out of money saved in other directions. The very fact that he did not seek office made him immune to politicians and enabled him to convince the people of his State that he was of the high type of Grover Cleveland—an administrator who thought of duty first and his own prospects last.

Novelty or Progress?

WHAT is social progress? Is it synonymous with contemporary civilization? Is it the mere flight of time in the history of mankind? Or is it something rarer and more elusive; and, if so, how are we to identify it?

The individual has never before been so deluged with newness, with novelty, as today. Teeming factories surround him with new material possessions; roaring printing presses overwhelm him with new information and ideas. America is developing a philosophy which almost assumes that anything new is better than anything old. Probably no previous age or nation has shown such a general tendency to confound novelty with progress.

Social progress is certainly not merely new inventions and ideas. Only a small part of the novelty of any generation is carried over to another and only an infinitesimal fraction survives a hundred years. It is dangerous to assume that everything new is mischievous or inconsequential, but it is more so to accept it as good and desirable without a most searching examination. Are there any standards, any tests, to guide us in such inquiry?

The question presents itself afresh in looking through the pages of a volume that has just come from the press.* The first half is a record of recent happenings and present conditions which may be regarded as causes of discontent. The second half is a directory of organizations and movements which are working to correct or eliminate some of those causes. The causes of discontent are presented in a series of brief and largely disconnected paragraphs, which in their treatment as well as their content suggest that modern civilization is in no other way suffering so cruelly as through its failure to distinguish between novelty and progress.

The book in question does not pretend to answer the question How can we distinguish between novelty and progress? It is a volume of information, not theory. The only test which possesses any finality is that of time, and we can only speculate as to how often such judgment is as it should be. But the general belief that man has made true and substantial progress since the Garden of Eden—or the ape—suggests that time must usually be right. The trouble is that no individual or generation can wait for time to point the way. We must have a more immediate technique. Perhaps as good a one as can be found appears in the dedication of "Social Progress." It is "To those who form conclusions from known facts and who wish to outlaw war, abolish poverty, unveil superstition, and secure justice."

* "Social Progress: A Handbook of the Liberal Movement;" published by the *Arbitrator*, 114 East 31st Street, New York; $2.50.

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The Great Advance Toward Peace

BEYOND all question what has happened at Locarno is the most hopeful event since that worst of days, August 1, 1914. For the first time since the era of Charlemagne France and Germany have pledged themselves not to attack one another, have outlawed war against each other. The German Government has forever renounced all claim to Alsace-Lorraine, and has accepted the existing French boundaries as the definite delimitation of Germany's westward expansion. For that the world may sing te deums. Locarno not only punctuates the bloodiest and most disgraceful chapter in human history, it opens up a whole realm of possible new developments. If Germany and France can outlaw war with the cooperation of England, Italy, and Belgium, why not the whole civilized world? Who now will dare say that France and all the other Allies cannot disarm and at last turn to the reconstruction of Europe? Who can say, with Aristide Briand himself pledging that the alliance of the Allies is finished and that the very name is to disappear from the language of diplomacy, that Europe cannot at last in dead earnest put an end to the hatreds and bitternesses of the war and begin its spiritual disarmament and reconciliation?

It is idle, of course, to deny that what happened at Locarno should have taken place at Versailles; that the seven long years since the armistice with their spirit of revenge, the desire to humiliate and abase the former enemy, the readiness to starve to death women and children and to inflict such immeasurable suffering as that in the Ruhr and the other occupied territories constitute a shameful and utterly unnecessary chapter in the history of every conniving nation. We are not of those who would close the book of memory upon those direful years for we believe that the events from 1914 onward must be kept before oncoming generations in order that the world may be warned against repeating such incredible folly and again intrusting its destinies to such faithless leaders as Sir Edward Grey, Asquith, Lloyd George, Poincaré, Viviani, Bethmann-Hollweg, the two Kaisers and their guilty crew. But while we cannot forget these years, we are of those who pray that the new chapter will genuinely mean a new era for all humanity. If the statesmanship is there, Locarno may be but a beginning and not an end, the beginning of an epoch.

Locarno's great achievement is an atmosphere rather than a text. There are always loopholes in any text. A Poincaré might interpret Article VI of the treaty of mutual guaranty, for instance, to suit his own purposes. "The provisions of the present treaty do not affect the rights and obligations of the high contracting parties under the Treaty of Versailles," it reads. Poincaré held that treaty to permit his invasion of the Ruhr; if that is not changed of what lasting values are then new pacts? There are suggestions that the new arrangement may be used to isolate Russia still further and to present a solid European front not only against the United States but against the rising demands of Africa, India, and Asia for deliverance from the yoke of white imperialism. That the reactionary and chauvinistic press of France, England, and Italy has been the first to acclaim these new treaties of peace is not encouraging. A recrudescence of Kaiserism in Berlin, of Poincaréism in France, and of the secret alliances and deceitful trickery of Greyism in England may, indeed, upset those alliances. But if our rejoicing is tempered by these considerations, we still cannot but give thanks for the immediate relief that the new concord has brought, its restoration of Germany to full fellowship among the nations, and, best of all, the triumph of generosity and good will and sanity in France.

What now will be the role of the League of Nations? There is a prospect that it may cease to be the creature of England and France, that with the entrance of Germany into the Council there will be vigorously presented to Council and Assembly a different viewpoint from that of the war victors. There is, therefore, a prospect of stirring exchanges of opinions, and even of facing issues, like disarmament, which the League has burked. The fact that Germany has received the promise of a seat in the Council and admission to the League itself, not by action by either Assembly or Council, but from the four leading members of the League, speaks volumes for the lack of democracy of that organization and reveals patently enough how certain the chief allies are that the League will do as it is told. Once in, Germany will, we take it for granted, raise the disarmament issue and compel a decision as to whether her fellow-members shall be allowed to keep up great standing armies or navies while she herself remains disarmed. In that she should have the moral support of President Coolidge and his Administration. Our own hope is that the new shift will compel the League to vigorous action along certain lines in which it has been content to let the years roll by without accomplishing anything.

Next to disarmament the most pressing need of Europe is for a tariff union. Nothing could accomplish so much for the spiritual disarmament for which we have just appealed and for the economic restoration of Europe than the establishment of a customs union. Here again is a great opportunity for Germany. Surrounded by high tariffs on all sides, she is yet expected to produce enough money to meet the demands of the Dawes Plan. It was the German customs union of 1834 that resulted in the tremendous development of the German states years before the Empire was reconstituted at Versailles in 1871. Who can doubt that the breaking down of tariff barriers now would mean the accomplishment of what still seem economic impossibilities? For the new and small states that have been created since the war the levelling of the tariff barriers with which they are surrounded could only mean their flourishing like the proverbial green bay tree. Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Poland—there is not one of these but would benefit incalculably by a free exchange of goods. No other measure would do so much to break down the nationalistic obsession out of which grew the war; no other act could so effectively develop the interchange of thought and the friendly intercourse of the nations. Washington seems to take it for granted that there will be a general European economic conference before long. Here is the opportunity for the advocates of free trade.

Meanwhile the Locarno treaties stand, if for nothing else, as complete justification of those who, like *The Nation*, have preached, in season and out, the reunion of the enemies of the past upon the simple basis of mutual good will and the determination to build a new, a sane, and a just Europe.

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French Debts and Liberian Rubber

HARVEY S. FIRESTONE announces that he plans to invest one hundred million dollars in rubber plantations in Liberia. This, he feels, marks an epoch in American history. Henceforth we shall be independent of the British rubber monopoly. Today the United States (by which he means American capitalists) control only 3 per cent of the world's rubber production; when he has remodeled Liberia it will produce 250,000 tons of rubber a year, which is half as much as the entire world at present produces.

One hundred million dollars is not a staggering figure in Wall Street these days. The federal reserve banks cleared checks worth more than a billion dollars in a single day last week. One day's transactions in the New York stock market recently involved a transfer of two and a half million shares, probably having a market value of nearly two hundred million dollars. Mr. Mellon has just informed Mr. Borah that corporate and government loans floated in the United States in the first nine months of this year totaled about $900,000,000. Mr. Firestone's project is quite in scale with every-day American finance.

To Liberia it marks revolution. Liberia is a strip of African jungle which was colonized by returned American x-slaves a century ago. A vague American protectorate nitherto has kept it both from incorporation in French and British colonies, and from the intensive exploitation to which they have been subjected. It has a population of fewer than two millions. Of these "about 50,000 of the coast Negroes may be considered civilized," according to the "Statesman's Yearbook." The white colony numbers fewer than 200. There are no railroads and only twenty miles of motor roads. Liberia's exports have been averaging less than a million dollars a year. What an investment of a hundred million dollars, development of a million acres, employment of 300,000 workers—these are Mr. Firestone's terms—means to Liberia is incalculable.

Such investments as Mr. Firestone's do not come within Mr. Mellon's figures of billion-dollar foreign financing, but they may mean just as much to American citizens as any of the government or corporate loans. What attitude will the Government in Washington take in case Mr. Firestone gets into trouble, either with the French and British neighbors who have always watched their chance to nibble at Liberia, or with a native Liberian Government? Shall we send our marines to stop rent riots, if the cost of a thatched-roof house soars too high under the stimulus of Mr. Firestone's enterprise—as we have just done in Panama? Shall we continue to provide American officers for the native constabulary (we do so now) if it is used to conscript unwilling labor for the rubber plantations that are to "make America independent of Britain"? Will our Government build light-draught gunboats to patrol the Liberian rivers as it has already done for the Chinese rivers? Unless American opinion awakens to energetic protest we most assuredly shall do these things.

Meanwhile the Washington Government is taking an energetic attitude toward export of American capital—to France. "America's purse is closed to delinquent European creditors," announces an inspired dispatch to one of the news agencies. "Blunt notice to that effect w... the White House today to France and other debto... The extraordinary part of this notice is not that W... ton wants France to repay and wants France to kn... It is that Washington assumes a control over Wall Str... activities. If a Socialist were to arise and demand that the Government be empowered to tell Wall Street bankers just what loans they might make and what they might not make he would be denounced as interfering with business.

It is possible, of course—and even probable—that when Calvin Coolidge tells Wall Street how to act he is merely doing its unpleasant chores for it. One may, knowing Mr. Coolidge's attitude toward business, suspect that the bankers do not like to tell France that they will not lend her money until she has settled her inter-government debts, and prefer to have the Washington Government bear the burden of any ill-feeling which may result from such a message. But whether in this instance Washington is doing Wall Street's bidding or giving it orders it is getting into this foreign-loan business and deep into it. There are implications to this. Thus, if the Government censors loans beforehand it accepts an implied obligation to help carry out their terms. We do not believe the American people want that. As a matter of fact the Government is constantly being called on to clean up where investors and would-be investors have been caught in a jam—whether it be in China, Haiti, Liberia, or France. If the Government is to be the bankers' chore-boy it ought to be their boss as well. The bankers certainly do not want that. Why not let them "go it alone"—and suffer the consequences if their judgment is bad?

Capitalizing Calamity

LOUIS LOUCHEUR of France is asking the League of Nations to make a coordinated plan for economic use of the natural resources of the world; a plan to pool them and ration them under central control. Not much headway has been made with the proposal to date, and one suspects that, in so far as progress can be made today, it will be animated more by commercial envies and jealousies than by the economic welfare of the underlying population.

But what a vision of a world ruled by common sense instead of by bunkum and bluff this proposal calls up; what a challenge to those vestiges of intelligence which, like bubbles in water, are said to float in the human brain! A world deliberately ordering its precious and diminishing stores of coal, oil, lumber, minerals—without haggling and waste—for the benefit and comfort of its inhabitants. A world growing its corn and its cotton in those geographical areas best suited to their production, and shipping and exchanging them on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points! A wild, fantastic dream, so it seems today; yet the job has actually been done. Under the pressure of war and the submarine menace, human intelligence, acting through the Supreme Economic Council of the Allied nations, actually rose to the challenge, and did coordinate and control the major resources and products of two-thirds of the world.

Under the rule of normalcy and an economic system based on the sturdy principles of self help and all the traffic will bear, these war days, with an economic control founded on necessity rather than on pecuniary gain, seem

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remote indeed—as remote almost as the empire of the Incas, where, for two thousand miles along the spine of the Andes, with the steam engine in the womb of time, a population of ten millions was fed and clothed and sheltered without poverty, without want, without waste; where a great system of reservoir store houses balanced the lean years with the fat. Let William Bolitho sketch the picture of the situation today:

> Our world system is so ordered that for a long way on every hand of a new calamity, the spreading wave carries prosperity and joy; an approaching war brings vast delight and jubilee to every general, to all officers, to all the thousands of investors in munition companies, and all workmen in war industries rejoice. A famine enriches vast interests and classes in first effect. . . . Every farmer in three continents goes home to tell his wife that good times have come again. Speculators, traders, bakers, export houses, all share in the glad tidings.

Joy and riches wrung from death, degradation, and despair—this is the eternal and inevitable result of seeing our world as a series of competing geographical units.

When the International Institute of Agriculture announced last winter that the estimated bread-grain crop of the world was 574,000,000 bushels short of meeting the world's bread-grain requirements, and that the United States was the only nation with a substantial surplus, there was joy among American farmers. "Our own grain growers will largely monopolize what advantages there are for anybody in this situation. It means much for business prosperity here." But the New York *World,* from which this quotation is taken, went on to show the wider aspect: "However, if Europe's general buying power is reduced, the reduction must have its effect on foreign trade. It is easy to paint the advantages of a shortage in too brilliant colors." Calamity cannot be capitalized forever.

Mr. Benton MacKaye, late of the United States Forest Service, is engaged single-handed on the kind of initial survey which the League of Nations ought to make—if its proposal is more than a political gesture. He has divided a map of the world into some thirty districts, following natural geographic boundaries. For each district he is tabulating present statistics of agricultural production. Taking the present population, he determines how much of that production is needed in the home districts and how much is available for export. Each district finally shows certain quantitative surpluses and shortages. Then comes a very pretty computation in balancing the shortages against the surpluses on the principle of minimum transportation haul. When such a plan as this (and it is essentially the plan of the Supreme Economic Council during the war) is superimposed upon the chaos of the present traffic—with its gluts and its famines, its tariffs and trade barriers, its speculations and its higglers, and its transportation wriggling in loops and circles through the seven seas—the sheer cost in human labor of the failure to coordinate becomes manifest in all its immensity. And what Mr. MacKaye is doing for agriculture should be done for minerals, oil, lumber, and basic manufacturing such as textiles, steel production, boots and shoes.

Whether or no the present League of Nations is destined some day in fact to become a league of nations, this proposal to coordinate and control the store of the resources by which mankind is ultimately fed and clothed and housed remains a standing challenge to human intelligence.

Our Literature and Ourselves

IF the critic and the reviewer pass somewhat different judgments upon the value of contemporary American literature the fact is not to be wondered at, for they proceed, as they should, upon different asssumptions. The critic takes established masterpieces as his standard and he has to put himself out of time and place. The needs and interest of people long dead as well as those of generations yet to come are part of his concern, and his judgments attempt the absolute. The reviewer who sets out to deal only with a current literature is, on the other hand, concerned principally with the here and now. His business is with the meaning and significance of works to those who produce them and to those for whom they are produced; he sees them as expressions of the spirit of his times and he judges them as such.

It is for this reason that while the critic may grumble the reviewer is not dissatisfied with contemporary American literature. Whatever its other virtues or defects its immediate relevance to our thoughts and lives is obvious. It is not, as literature sometimes tends to be in less vigorous ages, a world apart. It is not, that is to say, occupied chiefly with fancy and day-dreams nor is its subject-matter limited by very stringent conventional or artistic restrictions. It takes all life as its province, it draws into itself whatever concerns us in our living, and it comes home to our hearts and bosoms. In our leading novelists, dramatists, and poets is visible no anxiety to escape and no hesitancy in setting down whatever seems to them most true and most vital. They are, as a class, passionately interested in the life of their times, they try to burrow into it as deeply as they can, and they know no relenting. Whatever we may say of their works we cannot possibly say, as Ibsen said of the literature of his age, that it is irrelevant. The concern of our writers with national life is direct and eager, their chief occupation is with experiment which we are at present making in the art of living, and though we may find in them varying degrees of skill and profundity we cannot, unless we happen ourselves to be outside the current of contemporary life, fail to feel that their writings are very close to us and very relevant. They will at least furnish the future historian with a marvelously complete record of our age and they serve to keep us immersed in it.

When the reviewer has shown this, when he has proved that our writing is not separate from our thoughts, that it is not paralyzed or impotent but a free and vigorous record of our thinking and feeling, he has proved all that he needs to prove; a national literature may be said to be functioning properly when it is affording, as ours is, a clear and adequate expression of national life. Whatever its defects, they are our defects, and American literature is as profound and as beautiful as American life. We are in it and if it does not always have the richness of English, the grace of French, or the brooding intensity of Russian literature it is because we ourselves are not—not yet, at least—as rich, as graceful, or as reflective as they. We may be sure that when we have become so our literature—unless meanwhile it has turned from its present course, unless it has ceased to reflect us as well as it does now—will reveal the change. Considered as a channel of expression, there can be no question of its adequacy today.

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Canyons and Camerons

A United States Senator Defies the Government

By ARTHUR WARNER

Chapter I. The Canyons

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, before Columbus had discovered America or Zane Grey had invented the Open Spaces, before bandits ruled Broadway or Pirates reigned in Pittsburgh, the first of the canyons was born in what the movies have since made familiar as the Southwest. This canyon grew and prospered, and others came after. The canyon family became a mighty one, occupying much land and acquiring great fame. But the mightiest of all the family was the Grand Canyon, who made a home several miles wide and a mile deep in the rock along the Colorado River in northern Arizona.

For the preeminence of the Grand Canyon it is not necessary to take the word of a mere writer. The fact has been judicially decided by no less an authority than the Supreme Court, which said in the case of *Cameron* v. *United States* (252 U. S., p. 456): "It is the greatest eroded canyon in the United States, if not in the world . . . and annually draws to its borders thousands of visitors."

But a good while before the Grand Canyon became a natural wonder by decree of the Supreme Court it had sufficiently impressed the federal government so that it was made a forest reserve, an action that precluded private occupation except through a mining claim. That was in 1893. In 1908 President Roosevelt made the Grand Canyon a national monument. This is a kind of purgatory midway between a forest reserve and a national park; it bars even mining claims. In 1919 the Grand Canyon received the full status of a national park.

With these few words in regard to the canyons we will leave them for a short time in order to introduce a rival family for the possession of the land and the homage of the people of Arizona.

Chapter II. The Camerons

The first of the Camerons, so far as the Southwest is concerned, was born in the State of Maine, but he did not linger there beyond his boyhood days. Instead Ralph H. Cameron took the advice of Horace Greeley as to where to go and in 1883 settled at Phoenix, Arizona. The Arizona Camerons, like the Arizona canyons, grew and prospered; the family became a mighty one, so much so that in 1920 its head, by then a grisled frontiersman, was elected to the United States Senate.

And now the plot thickens.

Chapter III. The Conflict

For many years travelers approaching the Grand Canyon from the southern rim have been accustomed to descend into it, mule back, by the Bright Angel Trail. The trail was built before the Grand Canyon was even a forest reserve, and in everything that has happened to the big ditch since, the rights of Coconino County, Arizona, to the route have been expressly recognized by the federal government. Coconino County has collected $1 a head as toll from persons using the trail. It is the only toll route in the national parks and a number of years ago the federal government realized the desirability of getting control of it. There was a wish to free it for travel and still more to remove certain tentacles clinging to it. These tentacles were the Camerons.

Yes, there the Camerons were; this family which had been in Arizona only since 1883 had waxed so great in a few short years that it was exercising a lordship over the mightiest of the canyons. The Camerons were there by virtue of certain mining claims made while the Grand Canyon was still a forest reserve. The claims embraced land around the rim of the canyon at the head of the Bright Angel Trail, and farther down. Especially they covered Indian Gardens, an oasis of trees down on the bottom, to which travelers naturally turned for rest and water. The Cameron claims bore various picturesque names; one was fittingly entitled the Buttinski.

In order that a mining claim be recognized as such the claimants must prove the existence of minerals in paying quantities. This the Camerons failed to do to the satisfaction of the Department of the Interior, which declared the claims invalid. But the Camerons refused to budge. They took the controversy to the courts and fought it all the way up to the supreme bench. Thus far they were within their rights. But having appealed to Caesar they refused to accept his verdict. In the spring of 1920 the Supreme Court denied the claims of Ralph H. Cameron and his associates, declaring these persons to be trespassers in the Grand Canyon National Park. In the autumn of that year Ralph H. Cameron was elected to the Senate of the United States.

The elevation of Mr. Cameron to the Senate did not apparently increase his respect for the Supreme Court or his willingness to comply with its decrees. His unsightly shacks continued to stand on the rim of the canyon; his employees continued their obstructive tactics in the park. Their actions were especially obnoxious at Indian Gardens, the oasis on the bottom of the canyon by way of the Bright Angel Trail. They prevented the erection of a public-comfort station for travelers and eventually the water upon which visitors depended for drinking at Indian Gardens became polluted with typhoid-fever germs which came, so officials of the National Park Service stated, from unsanitary conditions permitted by the Cameron employees. When the park officials put up signs warning travelers against drinking the water the placards were torn down.

It was not an era when friends of the national parks or believers in enforcement of the law had much standing in Washington. Mr. Fall was Secretary of the Interior and Mr. Daugherty was at the head of the Department of Justice. The Camerons clung to the Grand Canyon, disobeying the Supreme Court and defying the National Park Service.

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Chapter IV. Thumbs Down

Then a change came. Messrs. Fall and Daugherty had to walk the plank. Hubert Work became Secretary of the Interior and Harlan F. Stone took over the office of Attorney General. Meanwhile Representative Louis C. Cramton of Michigan had become interested in the matter through his chairmanship of the sub-committee on national parks of the House Committee on Appropriations. He and a number of other federal officials conferred in 1923 with authorities of Coconino County, Arizona, and reached an agreement for the purchase of the Bright Angel Trail for $100,000, subject—as the law required—to public auction and a referendum to the voters. Mr. Cramton found Dr. Work and Mr. Stone ready to assist in freeing the Grand Canyon from the clutches of the Camerons, and he himself brought the outrage to the attention of Congress in connection with the proposed appropriation of $100,000.

Congress has its book of etiquette as well as the rest of us. Mr. Cramton belonged to the same political party (the Republican) as Mr. Cameron and the latter was a Senator to boot. Mr. Cramton as a Representative did not denounce Mr. Cameron as a Senator. But in a carefully hedged speech early last year he referred to "one Ralph H. Cameron" and remarked upon certain "trespassers on the public domain, . . . veritable dogs in the manger, snapping and snarling at the national government and endangering every park visitor who goes over the Bright Angel Trail."

Meanwhile Attorney General Stone was pressing the United States Attorney in Arizona to get busy. But somehow the latter generally had something else to do and at least one federal judge was as obstructive as possible. Finally Mr. Stone appointed Harold Baxter as special assistant to the Attorney General, putting him in charge of the matter. Mr. Baxter took off his coat and by autumn he had a sentence for contempt of court hanging so close over the head of the Senator from Phoenix that one day the forest rangers found the Cameron employees decamped, their property left behind in great disorder. In one deserted shack the park superintendent reported that he found "a large vessel containing about six or eight gallons of mash, ready for the still. There was evidently a hooch factory in embryo."

That ended the attempt of the Camerons to squat on the Bright Angel Trail, but just before pulling up stakes they got in a last sidelong blow at the National Park Service. The referendum in Coconino County to sell the Bright Angel Trail to the federal government went against the proposal—by what influences may be imagined.

Not that it mattered. The chief object had already been accomplished—to get rid of the unsightly buildings, the unsanitary conditions, the obstructionist tactics that had existed under the clutch of the Camerons.

Chapter V. Falling Water

But the mining speculations of the Camerons have not been confined to the Grand Canyon National Park. Beyond the limits of that park the Colorado River rushes precipitately westward, forming the boundary between Arizona and Nevada. For some twenty-five miles it drops and boils and bubbles, it drops and bubbles and boils, with vast possibilities for irrigation and power. The Colorado River at this point is in a public reservation which, like the Grand Canyon from 1893 to 1908, is open to private claims only under the mining law. For some years the federal government has been planning to impound the rushing stream by the proposed Boulder Dam. As this project became more definite it was discovered that for twenty-five miles the river was plastered on both sides with mining claims. Whether because of their beauty, their instability, or what, these tracts were for the most part named after young ladies. There was the Hazel, the Goldie, the Irene, the Lulu. On one part of the river *M's* seemed to be in especial favor: Mabel, Mildred, Madge, Minnie, Myrtle, and Mary. (Perhaps in their hurry the claimants had merely had recourse to the roster of a young ladies' seminary.)

When federal officials investigated the records there was a familiar name among the group of claimants to these tracts. The name of Ralph H. Cameron (the Senator) was missing, but in its place were those of his son, Ralph H. Cameron, Jr., of his wife, I. M. Cameron, of various other relations, and of his private secretary. Most of the claims were recorded between 1920 and 1922, but the Department of the Interior has not yet granted patents to them—necessary for their validation. On the contrary the government characterizes them as made for "false and fraudulent purposes." The Cameron mining claims in the Grand Canyon National Park were once described by Secretary Fall not as genuine mineral deposits but as "strategically located with reference to proposed and probable development of the canyon as a tourist attraction." Similarly the government holds that the Cameron claims in the neighborhood of the Boulder Dam site do not cover bona fide mineral locations but are entered to gain control of water power. Suits to void the claims were begun last summer in the federal courts, and are now awaiting trial.

Perhaps it is worth recalling in this connection that when Mr. Cameron was campaigning for the Senate in 1920 he sent out a letter to voters in which he said:

> For more than sixteen years I have been exploring and working in the Grand Canyon of Arizona on power sites. I now have the financial backing to build two huge hydroelectric plants in the Grand Canyon which will develop 965,000 kilowatts of electric power—enough to electrify every railroad, mine, mill, city, town, and hamlet in Arizona at such a low cost that it will make it possible for the poorest to enjoy its advantages and comforts. . . . As a Senator I can more readily and quickly secure the concessions, rights of way, etc., so necessary for the perfect development of these great enterprises.

Chapter VI. Seething Politics

These new Cameron cases in the federal courts, instituted since the head of the family became a United States Senator, have had the effect of a high-explosive shell in Arizona, with an appreciable repercussion upon federal politics. While the national government is charging fraud, Senator Cameron is making retort that the proceeding is a conspiracy to drive him out of public life. Although the charges have hurt him in many quarters, it is also true that he has friends in Arizona and elsewhere in the West who look upon him as a bulwark and defender of the old order against what are regarded as the dangerous encroachments of the federal government.

Senator Cameron will be up for reelection to the Sen-

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ate next autumn, and a pretty fight is already under way in Washington as well as in Arizona. Representative Hayden, a Democrat who has been on the side of the federal government in the claims fight, will probably be Mr. Cameron's opponent in the election for the seat in the Senate; party lines will be split right and left in the election.

Meanwhile Senator Cameron's friends in the West are attacking Secretary Work's reclamation policy and are accusing him of causing a schism in the Republican ranks in Washington when a united front is most needed. Senator Cameron himself has been touring the West as a member of a sub-committee of the Senate's Committee on Public Lands, and has been denouncing the management of the Grand Canyon National Park and attacking other policies of the federal government in the West.

The story of the canyons and the Camerons may have to be continued.

Eight Days on Ellis Island

By REX HUNTER

WE were three Britishers en route to Ellis Island, and despite the glowing sun and the blueness of the water through which the launch slipped we felt apprehensive. For had not "More Trouble on Ellis Island" become almost a standing headline in the English newspapers? We tried to reassure ourselves: After all, we were Anglo-Saxons and we had merely come for a sojourn in the States, not to settle down and hoard enormous sums of money for transfer to southern Europe. As to physical condition, my own doctor in London had certified that I suffered from none of the ailments listed on the official medical certificate.

The launch drew alongside a small stone pier and we ambered out. A man gave me three checks for my box of books and two trunks and said I must look after the smaller items of my luggage. I was carrying my typewriter, attaché case, and raincoat, and I tried to demonstrate that I could not possibly load myself in addition with two suitcases, a traveling bag, and a steamer rug. A youth finally took these items away on a truck, after carefully disclaiming any responsibility.

We were led down endless corridors to a bare room where two doctors waited. A hobbledehoy intoned dully: "Take off yer coats, vests, shoits, and undershoits." We obeyed and were stethoscoped. One doctor handed me a card reading "Hospital lungs and heart." "You look kind of thin," he observed. "I'm about my normal weight," I replied. "Been seasick? Got a cough?" I returned truthful negatives to these questions. I did not understand the card which had been handed me. I thought I had been passed on heart and lungs by the hospital division.

I grew somewhat doubtful when led to a desk where a silent, khaki-clad clerk made out a card headed "Hospital," for my companions had been led elsewhere. I rejoined them presently, however, where they sat on a bench facing wary looking officials in blue who scribbled in enormous ledgers. My companions were called in turn before a desk; they answered innumerable questions and were allowed to depart. The official then called me over and seizing a pink card captioned "Detention Card" began to fill it out. My heart sank.

"Am I to be detained, then?" I asked. The man in blue mumbled an evasive answer, and handed me over to a silent youth who led me back to the stone pier and through the front entrance of the hospital. I was led into a bathroom and a tall orderly told me that I must take a bath. I must put on hospital clothes and my own clothes would be taken away.

I obeyed dully. I was handed a blue bag and told to put my own clothes in it. Wearing pajamas and gray coat and trousers too small for me, I asked the nurse on duty if I might send a telegram to friends. She called over an Irish immigrant, a tall, hollow-chested, shambling fellow and asked him to take me to the Social Hall. I found myself stumbling after my guide down a long tunnel with hot-water pipes overhead. We emerged and came to a short path leading to a door. The moment we set foot on the path a man suddenly appeared and howled: "This ain't no thoroughfare. What th' hell's the matter with you? Go round to the back."

We shuffled in by a rear entrance and a little dark-eyed lady, a veritable angel of light in that barren hall, undertook to send my telegram. I wandered back with my guide through the tunnel and the nurse observed: "The last meal is over but there might be some bread and milk." I was handed over—one was always being handed over like a package on Ellis Island—to a South American orderly with a vacant stare and a high crest of hair that made him look like a half-witted paroquet. He led the way into a very dirty kitchen presided over by a worried maid with bobbed yellow hair and wild eyes. I found later that this was Mary, the Polish "skivvy." The orderly muttered something about food, but I took another look at the kitchen and backed out, saying that I would hold out till the next meal. "Oh, all right," the orderly muttered indifferently.

The afternoon drags by. I enter the ward, where twenty beds are arranged on either side, and contemplate my curious companions. At four o'clock Mary appears in the doorway, claps her hands twice, shouts "Eats!", and jerks a thumb over her shoulder. We stumble to our feet and go through the dirty kitchen into an inner room. On the bare table stand tin plates, cups, and saucers. I am really hungry by this time, but all I can negotiate is a small piece of the tongue. A cockroach suddenly darts out from under my elbow and ants run across the tin plate. I try not to look at the bloody bandages and the diseased faces about me. I eat a slice of bread, gulp down some coffee, and leave the table.

A group of us wander up and down a cinder path which is the only place for us to walk. On one side is a madhouse. A woman with a fixed dejected stare sits on a sort of balcony. Another woman peers around with restless eyes. On a balcony above a dark young man grins foolishly to himself, while an elderly man runs to and fro

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like a caged wolf. On the other side of the cinder path is a body of stagnant water, the banks decorated with rusty tins and offal. Giant rats scurry about.

We go down to the strip of waterfront and sit on a plank. Stinging flies and mosquitoes are in force and we slap at them and scratch ourselves. Two of us drift onto a path of grass in front of a red brick cottage. Almost immediately an orderly emerges. "What the hell's the matter with you?" he calls. "Get back where you belong. You ain't got no right there." We return to the plank by the bobbing waves. "Aw, let's go back to the ward," says a Czecho-Slovakian. "These flies and mosquitoes are fierce." "Can't go there," says another. "They're swabbing it out." "Well, let's go to the Social Hall." "Can't. It's closed by this time."

At seven there is skim milk. I go to the kitchen to get a tin cup and find an army of cockroaches hurdling the utensils in the cupboard. At nine we drag off our outer clothes and crawl into bed. Half an hour later the lights go out. Long before daylight the night orderly comes in, switches on the lights, and calls "Come away!" It sounds like an invitation to go hunting or to come away to fairyland, but is only a demand that the unfortunate inmates of the ward arise. I look at my watch. It is only five o'clock. "Why do they wake us up at five?" I ask. Nobody knows; it is just a rule. We wash at two basins in a dirty lavatory and sit dully around till seven o'clock, when we are given a couple of boiled eggs apiece.

Breakfast over, we sit around the ward once more. A fat Syrian sits brooding in his chair, wearing a Red Cross robe because no coat big enough to fit him could be found. Across the way sits a German-American wearing smoked glasses. He has some eye trouble which prevents him from reading. There is absolutely nothing for him to do but sit in his chair or shuffle along the cinder path. "Every day is like a year," he often mutters. A Jewish rabbi, a little chubby restless man, chants from a Hebrew prayer book. Then he walks up and down the ward; halts suddenly before a Swede and begins chattering in Yiddish, serenely confident that the Swede can understand him.

Oscar Hill looms up suddenly beside me, looking straight before him with his almost sightless eyes, and seems to speak into the air. He is a huge Polish Jew who has spent most of his life in the States. He made money by manufacturing furs. Now he has land and a house at Rockaway Beach and employs fifty-odd hands in his factory. Some time ago he began to suffer from spinal trouble, he explains, which affected his eyes. So he decided to go to Vienna to see the great oculists there. Did he anticipate any trouble in getting back home? No, Hill replies. He had never become naturalized, but he had communicated with Washington and had been assured that reentry would be automatic if he returned within a year. He arrived in New York harbor well within the time limit and was promptly hauled over to Ellis Island on the technical grounds that he could not read. Why is he in the hospital then? Do they propose to teach him to read in the hospital? He doesn't know. Nobody tells him anything. The doctors look him over occasionally and seem to find him an interesting case. Friends have offered to put up bonds for him to the tune of $100,000, but he remains on the island.

Severino the young Italian utters his hoarse complaint: "Fifteen days I've been in here now. I'm supposed to be in for lungs. One examination and one X-ray picture and then—nothing. I felt all right when I came in but now I feel bad. I can't eat that food. My wife brought me some fruit and fresh eggs the other day but they wouldn't let me have them. Why don't they look me over again? If they deport me to Italy I don't know what I'll do. I left there when I was nine and I've spent the rest of my life in America. I took out my first papers but I couldn't get final papers because not enough time had passed. I'm only 22 now. I'll have to get out of here or I'll break down or go mad. I went on a visit to Italy on a twelve-months permit and came back inside eight months and they rushed me in here. I wish I knew what they are going to do with me. I'll have to get out of here or——"

Wong, a little Chinese seaman, sits reading Sherlock Holmes stories translated into Chinese. O. Horn, a cultured Esthonian speaking fluent Russian, German, and English in addition to his native tongue, comes over to borrow some toothpaste. Had he not been dazed by the bawled orders of officials and attendants, he tells me, he would have taken toilet articles from one of his bags. But when he realized that the bag was to be taken from him and moved toward it with the object of putting toothbrush, paste, razor, and shaving soap into his pockets, an attendant howled: "Hey, didn't I tell you to leave that bag alone? What the hell's the matter with you?" The latter question is a stock on on this island.

After eight days I was finally allowed to leave the hospital. The blue bag was thrown to me and I resumed my much-wrinkled clothes. With half a dozen others I started out at eight in the morning, but it was noon before we reached the other side of the island. We wound our way along innumerable corridors and every hundred feet or so we were told to sit on benches and wait for no one knew what. I was given a board hearing and told that I could enter the country.

On my way down the inevitable corridors to the launch I passed a kind of pen in which some of my erstwhile companions, released later than myself from the hospital, were awaiting further formalities. They shouted and waved to me, and I moved over towards the pen to shake hands with them and congratulate them on their release. I was suddenly astounded by a vast commotion. An official who stood at the gate of the pen waved his arms, turned black in the face, and shouted. Clerks and officials came running from all directions warning me off. I suddenly realized that in trying to exchange a few words of farewell with men who had suffered with me, for whom I had a kindly human feeling, I had committed a capital crime. I finally left the hospital covered with prickly heat, mosquito and fly bites, and weakened by loss of sleep and the vile food.

I cannot close this article without expressing appreciation of the kindness and courtesy of most of the doctors and nurses, of two of the orderlies (both Scotch), and of the Red Cross workers. But individual kindness is almost helpless in the face of the general stupidity and inhuman regimentation. Commissioner Curran, I have been assured, has tried to improve conditions but has been defeated by "politics."

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Last Days of the Charming Lady

By ALLEN TATE

THE Charming Lady will most likely be where you would have her, under the lilacs, with magnolias, if it is spring (and it is sure to be), heavy on the air not far away. She will not fail, being what she is—the typical Charming Lady—to talk quietly about the age at once heroic and golden in the history of the States of the Secession. Her conversation will be deft and serious but not too serious, because it will be cast in a whimsicality of fortitude before the intimate rumor of raped magnificence: It is certain to be an elegy on the perished amenities of the Old South, done much after the manner in which Mr. T. S. Eliot a few years ago lamented the decay of all modern culture. It is a scattering tradition, and its last living authority will scarcely survive the present decade.

Yet now the Lady is not too hard to find. You may meet her, if you are eligible, in Nashville or Charleston or . . . But mostly her grandfather tested the qualities of inertia in Virginia "before the war" and was a part of the Tradition, and used words like tradition and aristocracy with a disarming contempt for accuracy. The Old South was never greatly distinguished for a culture of ideas.

The bookish culture of ante-bellum Southerners was the cident of a charmed idleness. The native literary product, nether it was Cable or Sims or Timrod, Lanier being not a very notable exception, came mostly after the war, but the substance of the old order was in it; it evinced charm without energy. And it came to a typical conclusion in the books of Thomas Nelson Page, shallow like him and diverting for those not disaffected by a sense of humor, fraught with no critical awareness of relative social values; it was formed out of a taste that required very little beyond the prettily decorative verse of, say, Edward Coate Pinkney. There remains not a trace of even an intimation that one function of literature is passage and *bon voyage* to intellectual and spiritual adventure.

For adventure by all accounts was romantically yet decently physical. The venturesome mind seldom observes the rules of any game but its own. It notoriously sets politics and economics to quaking, and doubtless in the South it was an embarrassing Gorgon to be throttled or at least hidden away. The South was proprietor of a particular mechanism of truth: it had to protect the mechanism against the removal of old parts and the fitting in of new. It was set upon being a One-hoss Shay forever. Mastered by its one idea and so master of none, it fought four years —in a fashion which a contemporaneous Cervantes, as well as a Thomas Nelson Page, might have owned to be his proper milieu—to preserve this single, all-embracing idea.

Southern culture consisted, in essence, in a reflowering of eighteenth-century English manners and in the backwash, sterilized, of liberal thought from that century; a delight in English landscape reveries stimulated by Collins and Cowper and a little of Gray, and reproduced, with a few local trees and shrubs substituted for their British originals, in the verse of Henry Timrod; and eighteenth-century political and humanitarian catchwords bandied innocuously enough except by Thomas Jefferson, the urbane heretical democrat—undetected in that role—whose ideas ironically contributed to the economic and spiritual bankruptcy of the next generation in his own regime. Most literate persons did lip service to Shakespeare. All of them knew something of Pope, or should have—that whatever is is right, if it was what you approved of. And the novels and poems of Walter Scott were a complete repository of manners and of the spirit of manners which is morals.

The Old South was strictly a political and economic aristocracy. It would have shuddered could it have grasped the first implications of a French critic's assertion that only through the abolition of truths, through the dissociation and repudiation of outmoded general notions which have lost their roots in an existing reality, can a society create new forms for the perpetuation of its strength. The South was beautifully devoted unto the death to its one idea—the permanence of a special politico-economic order. An essential literature was impossible. The South could not afford to look at itself critically; and it is a commonplace in the history of intelligence that spontaneous self-examination—which the Charming Lady permits to neither herself nor her visitor—is the initial moral attitude which must preface the exacting business of beautiful letters. It implies the recognition of a relation extra-social: the relation of man to a god. The South, before the Civil War, probably had little more than incidental commerce with the name of Deity. Its aristocracy needed but few of the privileges of which the sole storehouse, according to the best imaginative opinion, stands in some empyrean; it was an aristocracy of social privilege founded in a rigid social order. Deprived of that order, the Old South has degenerated into and survives only as a sentiment susceptible of no precise definition.

For the privilege is long over and done with. While New England has preserved to some extent a culture of ideas in spite of its thorough absorption of industrialism—it articulated in the beginning a system of ideas of which the apical notion was a God—it is significant that after the Civil War the South became, equally with the Middle West, rich soil for the growth of the secular and vulgar and moralistic churches. The hope of the South lay always in a secular order and made few requisitions of literature and religion —of Petronius and God! Its spiritual needs did not conspicuously exceed the supply of sentimental chivalry. And lest the supply find nowadays no market Mr. James Branch Cabell has sophisticated it with deathbed agonies, the corpse dressed out in the glittering jerkin, or, for that matter, the tweeds of a pretentious erudition. Mr. Cabell's comedies, Koschkei the Deathless notwithstanding, contain not so many universal ideas as Southern elegiacs conducted in the name of destiny. They are commentaries on the decadence of an emotion. Their escape from realism—this is not a judgment on their aesthetic value, or lack of it—is identical in origin with the historical Southern escape from ideas.

And so it is not surprising that the second generation after the Civil War is whooping it up in boosters' clubs along with the veritablest descendant of carpet-bagger and poor white. For this second generation, like its forebears,

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has no tradition of ideas, no consciousness of moral and spiritual values, as an inheritance; it has simply lost a prerogative based on property. As a result it is now almost indistinguishable from the classes it would have held in nice contempt before 1865. Thus, the grandfather of our Charming Lady was a civilized person chiefly, but not entirely in certain ante-bellum towns, because he and the other grandfathers happened to be the gentlemen who got together in the matter and agreed that it was so.

Yet it is doubtful whether there have been other societies in the United States so distinguished for the graces of living as the two flourishing simultaneously in Charleston and in the counties of Virginia between Charlottesville and Washington from about 1800 to 1850. These societies were already in disintegration before the Civil War; for the invention of the cotton gin had put their commercially more zealous cousins west of the mountains on a very nearly equal economic footing with them; and the amenities were gradually released for the more pressing activities of economy.

It is a loss to American letters that these sections in the Old South were not so intelligent as they were gracious, that they never saw their cultural limitations critically enough to be creatively aware of their perfections and to produce their Henry James. This failure is precisely the failure to produce a "historian of fine consciences" that had almost realized their maturity. Now, in our own time, Miss Frances Newman, a Southerner at last who discovers "sophistication" to be the essence of literature—whatever she means by that: it is hardly preciosity, as she would imply—knows her Meredith, has read immoderately in Henry James, is superior to the tribal morality, and attributes to the present social life of Atlanta a casuistry so sensitized and complex that the Atlanteans, reading it, will find in themselves not so much cultivation as bewilderment. Miss Newman might more profitably look elsewhere. For the tribal sentiment, though discharged of late from economic captivity by a goodly Mammon, has not yet devoted enough leisure to the dissociation of its insularity.

It was out of this sentiment that the so-called literature of the South was written. Its criticism has not felt dissimilar promptings. Criticism in the South was concerned with expository encomium of almost any writing which satisfied the complacent criterion of exhibiting an indispensable subject matter: the properties inherent in the defeatist attitude created by the eventuality of 1865. There was no suspicion of the necessity for a revaluation of those properties as a maieutic to the dormant or undirected creative mind until the *Double Dealer* and the *Reviewer* were established about five years ago. But the suspicion has not been extended into a usable conviction, into a current of ideas in which an intelligence could find immediate and productive direction. The South has not yet performed the first function of literary criticism, which was Matthew Arnold's in the England of Victoria. It has waited for an outsider to begin it with much vehemence, considerable acumen, and little justice. But Mr. Mencken has roused a person like Gerald W. Johnson, and that is an important business of satire.

The South of the first generation after the Civil War has had at least one social critic not wholly ancillary to the idols of the tribe. Yet the vigor of his attack, in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* and elsewhere, was not alone sufficient to the purpose. Mr. Edwin Mims's writings betray an inadequate sense of the ante-bellum Southern consciousness, and a sensitiveness to that temperament is the critical requisite prior to all scholarship. His criteria are obscured by a cultural deficiency due, probably, to the influence of the secular and vulgar and moralistic churches. So when he came to summarize Southern poetry, in "The South in the Building of the Nation," this cultural astigmatism, in a specific form of unrealized moral and social values, permitted the tribal sentiment to emerge in him almost pure; he succumbed to the sentimental local-color fallacy—the ingenuous opinion that a particular setting is intrinsically more "poetic" than another. And this is the best in criticism the South of the old school can offer.

The sensitive person from the South in this age approaches literature with few or none of the prepossessions, or benefits, derived from the interdependency of a religion and a society. His mind is open for experiment in form, for curiosity about world literature. In 1919 a Southern mind, of those now writing in verse the most important for the national literature, put itself on record:

> Cursed the paternity that planted me
> One green leaf in a wilderness of autumn;
> And wept, as befitting such a fruitful spirit
> Sealed in a yellow tomb.

The modern Southerner does not inherit, nor is he likely to have, a native culture compounded of the strength and subtlety of his New England contemporary's. But he may be capable, through an empiricism which is his only alternative to intellectual suicide, of a cosmopolitan culture to which hi contemporary in the East is emotionally barred. . . . T. S. Eliot is not living in St. Louis. For reasons only slightly different, Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher are living permanently abroad.

In 1828 Goethe wrote: "Left to itself every literature will exhaust its vitality if it is not refreshed by . . . the contributions of a foreign one." In 1925 the American man of letters, according to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, is still in search of a tradition. His proper tradition, which is somewhere in the United States, may yet be discovered in an instrumental experience elsewhere. It is pretty certain that the Southern variety of American writer must first see himself, if at all, through other eyes. For he of all Americans is privy to the emotions founded in the state of knowing oneself to be a foreigner at home.

Contributors to This Issue

ARTHUR WARNER is one of the editors of *The Nation*. He spent some time in Washington investigating the situation described in his article.

REX HUNTER is an Englishman, a former contributor to *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE was formerly editor of the *Fugitive*.

EDA LOU WALTON is a California poet living in New York.

E. F. HENDERSON is the author of a book on Earl Grey.

DONALD DOUGLAS wrote a novel, "The Grand Inquisitor."

LINDSAY ROGERS is associate professor of government at Columbia University.

CAROLINE PRATT is director of the City and Country School in New York City.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD has long been officially connected with the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter is no fan. For one thing he has been too busy drifting to keep up with the game. The plays are much the same and the crowds are eternally alike, but on the rare occasions when the Drifter returns to the diamond he finds the names new and strange, and no one interested in his reminiscences. Only the delinquencies of Babe Ruth and the sublime failures, the eternal sunsets, of Walter Johnson's life seem to survive.

* * * * *

THIS year the Drifter discovered something new in baseball if old in Connecticut. When he opened the door of the Cream Hill grocery and general store he was immediately greeted by the strange phenomenon of a whispering and tiptoeing Mr. Arlington. The proprietor was not wont to be so prompt nor so silent. The reason was apparent. The back of the store was filled; the cracker-boxes were all occupied. Mr. Arlington had tuned in on WEAF, and Cream Hill was hearing the world's series through Graham McNamee. Oh, it was more than hearing; it was seeing the game. The knotholes of the old-fashioned fence had become great holes in the air, and Cream Hill was a gang of small boys seeing the game, over the air. This was no street crowd dully watching puppet figures on an automatic scoreboard. One *saw* Roger Peckinpaugh march out to the plate, feeling his bat. With the crowd in Washington one eyed the "most valuable man in the League," who had twice dropped the ball and was set to prove himself afresh. One watched each ball and strike, saw the ball rise soaring from Peck's bat, saw Max Carey plant himself ready for it in center field, knew that Peck was out, saw Carey reach out his arms, saw him drop it and fumble for it, heard the sudden mad roar of the crowd while Peck raced round to second base. It was all happening there, in the queer little machine on the back counter, outside the store window, or somewhere behind the eyes of each of the silent villagers on the cracker-boxes. Baseball was truly a national sport that day: thirty-six thousand shivering fans watched the game in Washington, but a million saw every play through that aerial knothole provided by Graham McNamee and WEAF.

* * * * *

GEMS worth $683,000, so the papers said, were stolen from a Mrs. Donahue the other day. Neither theft nor jewels interested the Drifter much, not even when the thieves contrived to return the jewels without being discovered by the worthy detectives who keep New York safe. But a headline on the next morning was more suggestive. "Fear Returned Donahue Gems Made of Paste," screamed one of Mr. Hearst's dailies. Experts had been called in to determine whether the returned jewels were the originals or were mere imitations made of paste. Mrs. Donahue could not tell; the detectives did not know. For a week the city's newspapers had given their front pages to the theft of a few stones; the news interest was obviously due to the fabulous money value of trinkets which their owner could not distinguish from other trinkets worth half a million dollars less. What a commentary on money values, and social values, and newspaper values in 1925!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Ça Marche

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Something is happening in France. It may be truer to say that something is happening *to* France. That thing can perhaps be best illustrated by the chance word of an intelligent French woman, recently overheard in a public gathering:

"She is defending Poincaré! *Tiens!* It takes some courage to do that today."

Indeed, the past eighteen months have seen more than the defeat of Poincaré in France; they have seen an almost general repudiation of his policies. Sanity is returning to France, and there are more and more numerous indications of the reassertion of the old chivalrous spirit which has gained for France the reputation of one of the most magnanimous of nations.

The recent Peace Congress held during the early days of September at the Sorbonne plainly showed the new trend of events. It showed it far more clearly than the Government which had subsidized it to the amount of 40,000 francs had intended. There had apparently been a fairly definite understanding as to the policy to be followed by the congress, and every speaker at the great formal opening had to submit his speech to government censors. A number of prominent officials, including Herriot, accepted the invitations sent them, promising appropriate addresses.

But Loebe, the president of the German Reichstag, was also invited, and, with a large delegation of Germans, made his appearance in Paris. This produced a very embarrassing situation in a congress heavily subsidized by the Government. Only two weeks before, in a public meeting held in Vienna, Loebe had called for the union of Austria with Germany, a political possibility deeply offensive to the French, truly fearful of future German aggression. Word went forth that Loebe should not be permitted to speak at the congress, and to give the matter the appearance of decorum Herriot suddenly found himself unable to attend. At the formal opening session the waiting public heard that as a result of Herriot's enforced absence Loebe *par délicatesse* had decided also to refrain from speech. The lovely rendering by the orchestra of the overture to "Lohengrin" failed to cover the wave of emotion that the announcement brought to the audience.

But the Government had reckoned without the new France. News of the situation ran like lightning over Paris. That night there was a meeting at the Quaker headquarters in the Avenue Victoria, attended by many delegates to the congress and the representatives of various groups, including the Catholic Senator Marc Sangnier, founder and leader of the large and growing international movement known as La Jeune République. Next day, in the afternoon, Loebe spoke.

Later I heard two Belgians discuss the reception given to the first public address made by a German in Paris since 1914.

"I would not have believed it possible," one said to the other, "that such a thing could happen within twenty-five years of the war."

For Loebe received an ovation. Again and again the audience broke into waves of applause. The walls of the Sorbonne had never echoed to a finer expression of French enthusiasm.

"Indeed, the French are chic," the second Belgian answered; "they are capable of a genuine chivalry."

And something else quite out of the Government program happened. The conscientious objector is a phenomenon almost incomprehensible to the average French intelligence. If France has known a few conscientious objectors she has regarded them with almost complete cynicism; their sincerity has been almost generally denied. When it was learned that the cause of the conscientious objector was being pushed forward for discussion,

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Government pressure was again exerted, and the program was found to be too crowded to allow time for it.

Again the Government calculated without the new France. There was a stormy session during which the poet Pioch demanded the discussion, amid tumultuous excitement. A young soldier in uniform gave peculiar significance to the scene. Sitting on the rail that divided the auditorium from the floor he hung on the speaker's words, bursting again and again into applause. Everyone in the room was watching him in his complete absorption and generous enthusiasm. His sympathy for the men that had refused to wear the uniform that he wore was obvious. The motion, granting amnesty, was not carried, but the fact that it was discussed with immense interest on the floor of the Sorbonne was one of great significance.

One gathers that much is happening in the active minds of the rising generation in France. There is a growing belief, becoming daily more articulate, that the sacrifices of the war were too largely imposed by one generation upon another. That the death of a son at the front was regarded as a glorious sacrifice to be proudly borne, while there was a widespread evasion of taxation, has provoked much bitter criticism; and the army of *mutilés* watches the development of national policies with eyes that can never again be clouded with illusion. There is a distant rumor that the great French institution of compulsory military service will have shortly to fight for its life.

Straws also show which way the wind blows. In the train that carried me—along with M. Caillaux—to the waiting boat at Havre I found myself in a compartment with five other women. Three were naturalized German-Americans, one a young German girl on her first transatlantic journey, embarking without misgiving on a French boat, and the fifth, a young and charming French girl of whom I saw much on the voyage, I found to be an ardent disciple of Marc Sangnier and of the Jeune République movement. She was also deeply interested and thoroughly in sympathy with the conscientious objector.

Finally an item in the daily ship-paper, *l'Atlantique*, attracted my attention, seeming to confirm my gathering impression of the growing liberalism of the French spirit. I was quite familiar with the policy of *l'Atlantique*, as I had crossed many times on the French Line and always read the paper with attention. Its policy might be defined as identical with that of the New York *Herald Tribune*. This is the item, printed without comment, on which my astonished eyes fell, under the date of September 20, 1925:

"Authoritative sources state that Germany and France are in a peaceful agreement for the first time in many generations. Germany is faithfully fulfilling the Versailles Treaty disarmament clauses, and the major points of the coming security-pact conference are already agreed upon by both sides."

S. S. Paris, September 22 MARY KELSEY

The Nordics Find a Defender

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was a pleasure and a welcome relief to read A Latin Looks North, by Señor Ugarte. After such of the writers on the Nordic question as preceded Señor Ugarte, it was refreshing to find a writer who used mere common sense and facts as they plainly exist, rather than basing a comparison of the races upon the fact that the grapes hung heavier along the Mediterranean.

Just across the Calle Rubio from where I am writing this letter a group of natives (who I presume from appearances are mostly Indian) are singing. They have been drinking *chicha* (grape juice) and the singing is a wild affair that ranges from a wail to the high-pitched shriek of drunken women. They are undeniably quite happy, but if, as one of your writers claimed, the happiness of the Southern people is a proof of a superior civilization, then I fail to see or perhaps to appreciate it. Distance, of course, lends enchantment to all things, and perhaps from your little office this singing may inspire you to write of romance beneath the Southern Cross and olive-skinned señoritas, but to me it is just a drunken brawl.

Señor Ugarte also points out the tolerance of the Latin in his treatment of the conquered Indian, by saying that there are millions of them existing in South America today, whereas they have practically disappeared in the United States.

This is quite true; there are millions of them here, but as a prominent writer recently wrote: "The Indian is the greatest problem of Latin America."

We pause to wonder if the treatment accorded the Indian in the United States is less humane than that of the Latin who left the Indian to his own resources, which meant starvation or taking part in a civilization for which he was absolutely unfitted. It sems to be just a step this side of slavery.

It is quite true that in the United States the Indian has been cheated out of valuable oil lands, but not by the American people; rather by a small group of capitalists who are just as eager now to rob the American people of their natural resources. They know no color line, nor are they a product of any race.

So, when striking a comparison between the treatment of the Indian by the Latin and Nordic people, we should rather make a study of the lives and conditions under which the millions of Indians are living in South America and not jump at conclusions because of their mere existence. We hope to read more from the pen of Señor Ugarte, rather than the mush of preceding sentimentalists.

And while the policy of *The Nation* seems to be anti-Nordic, right or wrong, we should not forget as liberals or radicals that the very nations whose people you attack so relentlessly are those whose governments have the only possible claim upon the word liberal. If the world ever becomes a better place, if in time mankind be lifted to something higher than a state of industrial peonage, we shall be obliged to render thanks to the people of Northern Europe.

The consistent attack of *The Nation* upon the Nordics does not accord with its program of a united liberal front.

Rancagua, Chile, July 30 LEWIS J. CULLEN

He Knew the Newspapers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article entitled Slush, published in *The Nation* of August 19, pertinently draws attention to a recent development in newspaper diction. While I am in hearty accord with the author's scorn for the "sob stuff," yet I cannot altogether agree that the new spicy feature style is a mark of decadence in news writing. Be that as it may, since special tendencies in the public press are usually an indication of popular demand, I do not see how the critics can hope to accomplish any speedy reform unless they happen to comprise a majority of the readers.

It is a bit refreshing, after reading the plaint of the "good old times," to come upon a letter written in July, 1770, by John Dickinson, then a newspaper contributor and familiar with the ways of his contemporaries of the craft. A copy of the following was sent, on the eve of his marriage, to every publisher in Philadelphia:

> Gentlemen: I earnestly entreat as a favor of great weight with me that you will not insert in your newspaper any other account of my marriage than this: "Last Thursday, John Dickinson, Esquire, was married to Miss Mary Morris." An account of the expression of joy on this occasion will give me inexpressible pain and very great uneasiness to a number of very worthy relatives.

Berkeley, California, August 28 RUTH BARTLETT

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Hobo, Tramp, Bum

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a regular meeting of the New York local of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, held at 6 p. m. at the Tub, your editorial paragraph was read to that body and commented upon, resulting in a motion being made praising you in fairness to the cause for which Mr. Zero and the I. B. W. A. are valiantly striving.

It is consoling to this body to find an able periodical such as *The Nation* agreeing with our efforts to differentiate, so that the stigma of ridicule might to some extent be lifted from an already abused group of Americans, who, it is stated, number about five million men and women, who are trying to better their lot in this day and age.

The motion as voted upon and sent to *The Nation* is as follows:

> That the secretary be instructed to commend the editor for his proper classifications of the hobo, tramp, and bum.

LIVINGSTON PRATT, Secretary,
DANIEL O'BRIEN, Chairman,
International Brotherhood Welfare Association

New York, October 5

A Suspicious Silence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You would have thought that the Riff people would occupy the front page every day with the acclaim and admiration of every liberty- and [illegible]rage-loving American. It is only seven years since we spent so many billions and so many lives for the ideal of liberty. The armistice saved me by only two days from the experience of having to go to camp to be trained for the slaughter on the other side. Why so much enthusiasm for liberty then and so much silence now? Can it be that the same hidden forces which set in motion the enormous propaganda machinery then are the same forces which are now putting on the Maxim silencer? Is it possible that Otto H. Kahn, who had so much to say for liberty then when we saved Wall Street's investment in Allied victory, feels differently since he was feted in Morocco by French officials? Is there any significance in the rumored acquisition by French-American financiers of the Mannesmann mining interests in Morocco? Does it prove, what was suspected by many, that all our superpatriotic societies during the war were merely tools in the hands of our big war profiteers and are now doing the same valiant work toward reduction of the Allied war debts, enhancing the value of Allied securities held by our big financial interests? At the same time these same groups are mostly in favor of the reduction of surtaxes, further benefiting our deserving rich.

New York, August 30 BRUNO PINKNEY

The Americanization of Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I miss *The Nation* very much, but it is prohibited in Hungary, one of the countries made safe by the war. It is well to note that the war is resulting in the complete Americanization of Europe, which process is well under way.

The wonderful gipsy and Hungarian music has completely given way before rag-time and jazz in Hungary, the same being true of Rumania and the Balkans, where American tooth paste, chewing gum, and toilet articles have won out.

Germany has taken on the Taylor system in many large factories, and the complete mechanization of Europe is well under way.

Siofok, Hungary, September 1 NICHOLAS KLEIN

More Nation Dinners

Nation subscribers and their guests are invited to a series of five dinners to be given this winter on the dates printed below:

1. **Thursday, November 12**
   CHINA: THE ACID TEST OF 1925
   Speakers: Dr. HARRY F. WARD, of the Union Theological Seminary; Mr. PAUL BLANSHARD, of the League for Industrial Democracy; Mr. P. W. KUO.
   Chairman, OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor, *The Nation.*

2. **Thursday, December 10**
   IS MAN A MACHINE?
   Speakers: Mr. CLARENCE DARROW, counsel in the Scopes trial at Dayton; Dr. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.
   Chairman, JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, Associate Editor, *The Nation.*

*3. **Thursday, January 7**
   Subject and speakers to be announced

4. **Thursday, February 4**
   WAGES FOR WIVES
   Speakers: Miss DORIS STEVENS, author of "Jailed for Freedom"; Mr. ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, lawyer.
   Chairman, FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor, *The Nation.*

*5. **Thursday, March 18**
   IS LITERARY CRITICISM IMPORTANT?
   Speakers: A Critic, a Publisher, an Author; names to be announced.
   Chairman, MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor, *The Nation.*

Place: The Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Avenue.

Time: 7 P. M. sharp.

Price: $2.50 per plate, or $11.00 for the series of five.

Tickets may be bought only by *Nation* subscribers, although each subscriber may bring as many guests as he wishes. If you are not on our list of subscribers now, you may have *The Nation* for a year (regular price $5.00) with a ticket for the first dinner for $6.00, or with a ticket for the five dinners for $15.00. Please use blank below.

Send me *The Nation* for a year with
a ticket for the first *Nation* dinner at $6.00.
a ticket for the series of *Nation* dinners at $15.00.

Name .....

Address .....

* Please note that the date of the literary dinner is March 18 and not January 7, as previously announced.

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Books and Plays

Fin de Siècle

By EDA LOU WALTON

Looking on death with a sardonic smile,
You take each night a new love to your bed,
And each day check the failure of a trial
To find an hour's forgetfulness. Instead
New anguish meets you in the fairest face,
New pity in slim fingers, knowing how
Each of these girls will ripen in her grace
When mould is green upon your youthful brow.

Why should they live in beauty with you dead?
They have no value save your kiss or song.
They have no value, yet these lips are red;
Beneath a blue-veined breast the pulse is strong.
Choiceless, you turn against yourself this knife,
The cruel, impersonal loveliness of life.

First Glance

"IF our days in the garden of the earth are in reality so uncertain, so brief, if there is indeed so little time for any of us to play under the blackthorn, if indeed, as was made clear to me then, death cannot be gainsaid, then surely the secret of so sorry and insecure an existence must lie in detachment, for he who would lose his heart to a life so beset with tragedy had best have a care for his wits." Such was the moral of one of the best sketches in Llewelyn Powys's "Ebony and Ivory" two years ago; and such is the moral now of "Skin for Skin" (Harcourt, Brace: $2). The new book is the most interesting of Mr. Powys's five only in part because it is the most richly written. Its chief importance derives for the moment from the fact that it seems to give a full, explicit motivation of the mood which distinguished its predecessors. It casts a white, hard light upon the pessimism which once insisted that "at the bottom of the well of life there is no hope." It shows how in Mr. Powys's mind the combination came to be formed of grim despair and cold, unregenerate laughter.

"Skin for Skin" is the story of Mr. Powys's life in so far as that life was affected during a brief period by the circumstance of consumption. The disease announced itself in England, when Mr. Powys was twenty-five years old. It sent him to a sanatorium on a cold slope in Switzerland. He returned to his native West; walked and talked with his brothers and with certain old Cambridge friends; and then found himself in Switzerland once more, where he leaves us looking at the pale green sky that speaks "in so deceptive, in so deceitful, a manner of the immortality of the soul." This final word is a significant one, for Mr. Powys is not to be deceived. He is not to argue that because life is short it is sweet. It may be a thing of great price—and I know of few books in which the mere desirability of existence above ground is more clearly and firmly established. But for Mr. Powys it will not be something to hug, not some homely, familiar toy to fondle. It has shown a face to him which is at once beautiful and terrible, and he will return a gaze both disillusioned and fascinated. Hence the suspended loveliness of these pages, and hence the cold laughter which plays across them. Hence, in a word, the "detachment" which was the promise of "Ebony and Ivory"—the freedom from sentiment which makes it possible, as Mr. Powys's father kneels at his bedside to pray, to note that the bent head is "white as the silver belly of a minnow, white as a dove's wing against a thunder-cloud."

On other occasions, too, the elder Powys sits to his son for what turns out to be a striking portrait; and I have no doubt that the author of this remarkable family—concerning the eleven members of which a good deal of curiosity is pardonable—is in a peculiar sense the author of its genius. Himself both lion and lamb, he let his sons be lions. There is Theodore, for instance, the Rabelaisian mystic; there is John Cowper, the rather windy oracle whom yet one likes; and there are others in the offing. Not the least achievement of "Skin for Skin" is its picture of these brothers who are so devoted and yet so frank, so close and yet so lonely—epitomizing for Llewelyn, perhaps, the larger world in which "each tremulous, intellectual soul is set shockingly apart, to endure as best it may its own destruction."

MARK VAN DOREN

The Superficial Grey

Twenty Five Years (1892-1916). By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2 vols. $10.

THE parliamentary correspondent of the *Daily News*, reporting Grey's great speech of August 3, 1914, says: "Sir Edward Grey, *now among the few men of history forever to be mentioned,* rises." Benckendorff, the Russian ambassador, more intimately associated with Grey's policies than any other man save possibly Paul Cambon, telegraphs to Sazonov on April 6, 1915: "I should like to be able to help modify [your severe judgment of Grey] in view of the services he has rendered us since the beginning of the crisis. Let me add for your most personal information that there is a feeling that almost never quits Grey and that to some extent is justified—namely, that, in the moment of the indecision of the English public and of all the ministers, it was Grey above all who dragged England into the war and that for this reason he always has a sense of the most profound personal responsibility, quite apart from that of the Cabinet." In the debate on August 3rd a member made this terrible reproach to Grey: *"I regret very much that at the end of eight years the best you can say of the policy that has been pursued—of the Triple Entente—is that it should have landed us in a war like this!"*

Grey tries to stem a current like this by writing memoirs. His strength, as a panegyrist declared already in 1915, consists in a power of exposition "so luminous, moderate, and judicial that soon it appears almost impossible to dissent from the speaker's conclusions." In his memoirs Grey lives up to his reputation. The work may become an English classic; it may be read and admired a thousand years hence. It will crystallize the English legend.

Those who go deeply into the subject will realize, indeed, that Grey skims over difficulties just as a flat stone, if skilfully projected, skips over the surface of a pond. There is that promise, for instance, given to France on August 2nd. Grey says: "The promise to defend those coasts was given to France. The German Government were informed. They promised not to attack those coasts (of course on the understanding that we remained neutral), *and this naval point ceased to have any direct influence on the decision of the English Government.*"

The German and the French Governments took the matter

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much less lightly. The promise was given and the German Government notified on the afternoon of August 2nd, before the ultimatum had been despatched to Belgium and while Lichnowsky was waiting for an answer to his question: Would England remain neutral if Belgian territory were not violated? That question was not even submitted to the Cabinet or to Parliament, because Grey was not sure that the ambassador had the authority of his Government behind him. He was reproached later for making the least rather than the most of the German offers, and the reproach was surely a just one. The consequence of his irrevocable commitment was that Germany considered herself at war with England: "That is the help of an ally," wrote the Kaiser; "for England cuts off my fleet from assisting my army against an enemy with whom I am already at war." And Paul Cambon wrote later: "I was convinced (on August 2nd) that *the game was won.* A great Power does not wage war half and half. From the moment it decides to carry it *on water it has no choice but to wage it on land.*" Some one, if not Grey himself, felt uneasy about that commitment to France of August 2nd. On August 3rd Grey announced in Parliament that it had taken place "yesterday." In the propaganda-work "Great Speeches of the War: Revised and corrected for this volume by their authors, with a few exceptions" the date of his speech is given as August 4th.

Another instance of skimming over difficulties is seen in connection with the Russian mobilization. Grey admits it—does not even dispute the priority. But it does not interest him; it was merely "a wise precautionary measure." Why should mobilization mean war? Yet in the conversations between the French and Russian General Staffs, of which we have the protocols, the point is insisted on with the utmost emphasis.

We see by these memoirs that the distrust of Germany began as far back as 1893, when, according to Grey, Lord Rosebery was forced by "a sort of ultimatum" to "*withdraw competition for the railway concessions in Turkey*" because German support was needed in Egypt; the incident "left a sense of discomfort and a bad taste behind. . . . It was open to Germany to repeat the squeeze. . . . The noose had been roughly jerked by Germany." He remembered the incident twelve years later when he took office. Yet the German account is very different. The support in Egypt had been granted very graciously when Hatzfeld was ordered by telegraph to hold it back, if no promise had been given in binding form, "since the offensively hostile attitude of the English Embassy in Constantinople, *which in all Asia Minor railway questions defends even French interests to the disadvantage of the German, stands in no relation to the regard paid for years on the part of Germany to English interests.*" Lord Cromer has been told of the grievances and "sincerely regrets" the facts brought to his notice. Sir Edward himself admits that the Germans are right in principle.

Throughout the memoirs Germany is invariably in the wrong. Why not? Her iniquities are Grey's only possible excuse for his policies. The Krüger telegram is exploited at length, the subsequent refusal to receive Krüger minimized. The Tangiers visit and Agadir are merely brutal attempts to intimidate France. Possibly the worst case of blind partisanship and ignorance of history appears where Grey describes his own final attempts at mediation: "The precedent of 1870 was ominous; we all knew how Prussian militarism had availed itself of this time and season of the year at which to strike. The same time and season of the year we were now approaching." Even Clemenceau on August 4th declared that France had "paid for the unpardonable folly of an irresponsible Government with a piece of her living flesh cut off by the sword of the conqueror," and wrote in October: "no true Frenchman hesitates to admit that the wrongs of that day were on our side."

Many more instances of Grey's tendency to skim, many too of the dangers of the whole entente policy might be given—the power, for instance, that it gave Poincaré to frustrate the Haldane Mission. But enough has been said to characterize the memoirs in bold outline at least. They are a triumph of insularity, of blindness to everything outside of one narrow circle. They do not directly falsify, but they come as near it as possible—as when Grey declares that he is not quite sure what "balance of power" means—has never knowingly used the term. But he once expressly approved the formula *stabilité de l'équilibre.*

E. F. HENDERSON

Damp Powder

Firecrackers. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A Knopf. $2.50

WHENEVER Carl Van Vechten brings out a new novel I read "Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Van Vechten called "The Tattooed Countess" a romantic novel and now he calls "Firecrackers" a realistic novel, and by those legends he sends me to "Alice in Wonderland." It isn't at all that his definitions are lacking in absolute truth. It is only that "The Tattooed Countess" is less romantic than "Alice in Wonderland" and "Firecrackers" is less realistic than "Through the Looking-Glass." Of course if you look carefully you will find something of George Moore and something of Oscar Wilde in the works of Carl Van Vechten, but most of all you will find the deliberate method and procedure of "Alice." What else can you say when you find Mr. Van Vechten collecting fantastics and bringing them together for the purpose of wit and verbal escapades? They have nothing in common with one another except that they live in the same book. They do not develop the plot by the slow groundswell of a complicated harmony. They meet in scenes and lives disjoined and they perform an antic of words and a fantasy of lives. If only Mr. Van Vechten were as inspired in his creative capacity as he is correct in his method of "realism" he might some day invent a character as witty as the Mad Hatter or as charming as Alice or as implacable as the Red Queen. He never quite gets there. His firecrackers sizzle and flare but they do not burst into red and blue and green, and as often as not something seems to have poured cold water upon their fuses. "Firecrackers" is one of those obscure performances which leave the beholder puzzled to explain exactly the presence of so many damp squibs.

It is first of all necessary to insist that Mr. Van Vechten is quite right in calling "Firecrackers" a realistic novel. The thing is realistic to its own purpose, which is to present the idle rich seeking for more lotuses to devour in the ordered dulness of their routine boredom. Bright figures come trooping in from "Peter Whiffle" and "The Tattoed Countess" and go on talking to one another in the now unmistakable Van Vechten manner. Paul Moody and Campaspe and the others do not quite know what to do with the thing they call life. At this tragic instant Mr. Van Vechten tries to introduce a fourth dimension in the person of Gunnar O'Grady, who mends furnaces and sells orchids and second-hand clothes and performs complicated acrobatics and yet has read the Persian poets and found a way of living. He does not interfere and preach, but somehow he casts an acrobatic spell upon the lives of Campaspe and Paul and Consuelo—an amazing child who is up on all the utmost decadence in the new art. They all go about on a crusade which would capture the holy influence spread by the redoubtable Gunnar. Paul gets himself a job on Wall Street. Consuelo leaves art for a long practice in handsprings. Campaspe falls in love with Gunnar, but discovers that once long ago he had a desperate love affair and thereby learned to abjure the lusts of the flesh. Yet Campaspe's offer of herself (with the provision that she still feels herself free) throws him back into the pit. The scene ends on the spectacle of the immaculate

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Gunnar making up to a tedious young girl with a silly, pretty face.

Mr. Van Vechten has not forgotten the poor old Countess Nattatorrini. Gareth Johns has left her and become a cynical novelist. She is still driven by the devils of lust into the arms of any young man who will accept her aged favors. At last she even hopes for confession from a sweet young priest. He turns out to be an old one. One wonders why Mr. Van Vechten is so hard on the poor old thing. It is not as if he were W. S. Gilbert, with a rage at the very thought of an old woman taken by passion in the presence of young men. Has Mr. Van Vechten repented for the hard words he once used about Iowa? The deathbed scene tries very hard to be cruel and sardonic and succeeds only in being pallid. All the way through Mr. Van Vechten is most happy in the scenes of fantastic dialogue and most ineffective in the scenes of passion, which are as unmoving and pale as the graveyard grief of Gareth Johns in "The Tattooed Countess." Herein Mr. Van Vechten is too much like George Moore and also like the sentimental Lewis Carroll of "Sylvie and Bruno." He may not believe in scenes of passion or take them seriously into his own philosophy; but when he puts scenes of passion into a book one may rightfully ask that they do what they must do from their very nature.

It may be that the characters in Mr. Van Vechten's books spring too rapidly full-blown from the head of their creator. None of them except Campaspe seem to have had time for birth and growing pains and substance and nourishment from the blood of their own life. Even as fantastics they lack the completion of such individual portraits as the Red Queen, the White Knight, and the Duchess. They do not so much explode like firecrackers as shine like pale, pleasant ghosts in fashionable drawing-rooms of the intellectually unemployed.

DONALD DOUGLAS

A Baffled Man

Edward Everett, Orator and Statesman. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

MR. FROTHINGHAM gives the key to Everett's career: "He was a clergyman in politics. He endeavored from first to last to employ the principles of the pulpit and to practice the gentle virtues of the Ministry of Religion amid all the heat and dust of the political arena." Motives alone, however, will not explain his want of success. He was ever of a restless temperament, eager for new experience and a change of occupation, fearing most monotony. His early success in the ministry and the reputation as an orator gained by a florid and too rhetorical style must in part be held responsible. The applause and sincere admiration of the public encouraged him in his faults and tended to cultivate this restlessness. Emerson, who admired the speaker, became critical of manner and matter: "He is all art, and I find in him nowadays, maugre all his gifts and great merits, more to blame than praise. He is not content to be Edward Everett, but would be Daniel Webster. This is his mortal distemper."

His experience in different positions, so varied and unusual, indicated the position he held in his community and in a degree measured his abilities. It did not broaden him on lines increasing his public usefulness. A conservative by nature and training, he failed to recognize the limits which such a policy imposed. When all round him a mighty contest raged, involving great moral principles, he urged silence, inaction, and at most compromise. Emerson truly described Webster as Everett's evil genius, and, more severely, wrote of Everett as "a mere dangler and ornamental person" in all his public appointments. In the one overwhelming issue that shook the country for forty years he saw nothing of the great principles involved, on the solution of which depended the existence of the Union. That was the tragedy of his life. He atoned in good part by a late, too late, repentance and earnest support of the government in the war. His influence, however, left no permanent mark. Even his speeches do not carry the weight his contemporaries gave to them.

Mr. Frothingham has written on this career with rare freedom and balanced judgment. He has not sought to gloss over the errors and hide the evident weakness of his subject, but tells the story in a masterly manner. Evidently in sympathy with the man Everett, he is none the less outspokenly critical of Everett as a political factor. His analysis of Everett's oratory is admirable in its application of rules, justly indicating the mixture of good and bad qualities. Altogether a book carrying a lesson worthy to be studied as displaying an example of the scholar in politics.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Tory History

A History of the Tory Party. By Keith Feiling. Oxford University Press. $6.

Tory Democracy. By William J. Winkinson. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

MACAULAY dated the corporate existence of the two English parties from the Parliament of 1641. A division into two groups, he thought, rose naturally from "diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest" which are inevitable until "the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and the charm of novelty." There is always one "class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient" and another class "sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward."

Mr. Feiling's book—the first really satisfactory history of the Tory Party—dates the germs of Whig and Tory from the wedding of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. Religious truth and political power, he says, are the causes which most divide mankind and which in particular are responsible for the development of political groups in England. Mr. Feiling is sympathetic with his subject; he is a thorough master of its sources; his style is clear, and at times brilliant. Of course his judgments frequently contradict those of Macaulay, but his complicated story inserts the historical details in the interstices of Macaulay's generalizations. These details (which might have been fuller on the economic background and interests of the leaders) must deal with the groupings of men rather than with the persistence of an idea, and it is doubtful whether these groupings were always those of "party" in any real sense of the word. There was truth in William III's remark that if the King of England had enough well-paying offices to bestow on those who demanded them the names Whig and Tory would soon disappear.

In spite of his sympathy with his subject, Mr. Feiling is forced to admit that in several great constitutional issues the Tories were on the wrong side. This was the case, for example, in the cruel legislation against Nonconformity. Their attitude toward the Royal prerogative was such that if it had triumphed it would have greatly delayed the development of real constitutional government; and on occasion the Tories were opportunists—that is to say, their view of the national interest was clearly colored by personal and party interest. The Tory leaders of the period with which Mr. Feiling deals, furthermore, all had some unpleasant sides to their natures. Even if one does not insist on a high degree of consistency one must nevertheless say that both Danby and Bolingbroke veered from one side to the other.

Mr. Feiling has done a notable piece of work. His book has the merit all too rare, in historical research, of making

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scholarship compatible with interest. He has a sense of the dramatic both in events and in the development of character, yet he never sacrifices his historical accuracy for a fine phrase or a picturesque touch. He shows an extensive acquaintance with continental political theory, and makes full use of thousands of sources, printed and unprinted. He slowly unravels the tangled skein, but his great learning never lessens the interest of the reader who is not a specialist. His only fault in this respect is that he occasionally overestimates the knowledge of his readers. Thus he describes the Whig Junto of 1694 without fully identifying its members, and occasionally his proper names are ambiguous. Only a partially initiated reader will realize that there are two Halifaxes—one Charles Montague and the other Sir George Saville. But these are trivial blemishes which only serve to emphasize the general excellence of the work.

Mr. Wilkinson's book is of a different kind. It is an anthology of opinions on the changed orientation of the Conservative program which was brought about largely by the influence of Disraeli. British newspapers, periodicals, parliamentary debates, party literature, biographies—all the available sources are used to determine the nature of a political theory which to its exponents seemed "democracy because the welfare of the people is its supreme end" and "Tory because the institutions of the country are the means by which the end is to be obtained."

The monograph is a compendium of parliamentary history for the last sixty years, and its vagueness on the achievements of Tory democracy results from the vagueness of the program; for Tory democracy despite Mr. Wilkinson's sympathetic analysis still seems sophistical. As Lord Rosebery described it in his "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," it was an "honest and unconscious imposture, but none the less an imposture."

One curious feature of party alignments in Great Britain is the rather extraordinary hold which conservatism has had on certain groups of workers. It has frequently been pointed out that the Labor Party has had scant success with the agricultural laborer. Even though in the future it may approach a majority of the total vote for the country it will fail except by accident in having a majority of the House of Commons unless it can make inroads on the two hundred rural constituencies which are the "solid South" of conservatism. It would be interesting to know something about the rationale of this alignment and the less spectacular but still important allegiance of certain groups of industrial workers to modern Toryism. In the latter case the explanation is probably not unconnected with the public house, taxes on beer, and temperance reform. This is a reality far removed from "Young England" or from Lord Balfour's occasional genuflections to democracy, but it might have been considered in Mr. Wilkinson's admirable monograph.

LINDSAY ROGERS

Originality in Children

The Psychology of the Preschool Child. By Bird T. Baldwin and Lorle I. Stecher. D. Appleton and Company. $2.75.

THE authors say in their preface (italics mine): "This book gives an account of the results achieved in the Preschool Laboratories of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, where young children have been scientifically observed in their physical, mental, and social growth and *systematically trained.* It is believed that the methods and materials described will be helpful and usable for others interested in *child training.*"

Those of us who are working upon problems of curriculum are fairly suspicious of methods of training children as set over against methods of obtaining for them a setting in which they can both develop their personalities and secure the training which will lift them to a higher level of creative effort. In so far as the authors have set up a curriculum it is important that it be questioned from this point of view.

It is difficult to judge the curriculum by the data presented, but two quotations from the text would suggest that some conclusions have been drawn for which little proof is offered. I refer to the following: "Contrary to the popular belief, small children show very little imagination in the creative sense." And later: "This does not mean that the children are unresponsive, but simply not creative or original." It is upon this point that those of us who are working upon a new type of school—a type which depends upon the children themselves and not wholly upon the teachers to originate or create—would disagree with the authors. Children are not uncreative. One almost suspects the existence of a "wish fulfilment" here—in persons primarily interested in training.

CAROLINE PRATT

Books in Brief

The Economy of Human Energy. By Thomas Nixon Carver. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Mr. Carver is a moral economist who believes that "nothing is righteousness except that which economizes and makes productive the energy of the people, and that nothing is sin except that which wastes or dissipates that energy." He has written this book to show the tests of righteousness and wickedness in economic life, to show, that is, how we may so arrange our economic institutions and guide our economic conduct as to grow into "a Kingdom of God in which many can live and live abundantly." It is a typical exhibit of the Carver mind, curiously compounded of solid sense and equally solid nonsense. Nothing but praise can be given for certain aspects of Mr. Carver's thinking, such as his long insistence upon the praiseworthiness of production and his scorn of luxury and idleness as the weak vices of an emasculated society. But when one gets down to actualities it becomes clear why the Lusk Committee concluded that Mr. Carver was one of the very few "safe" economists in the country. His great concern for the old virtues leads him to feel apparently that any means of securing them is justified. Mr. Carver might with profit allow a good-tempered reexamination of his fundamentals—if he has not long since passed the possibility of their modification.

Our Debt and Duty to the Farmer. By Henry C. Wallace. The Century Company. $1.75.

Henry C. Wallace was a good Secretary of Agriculture, and the recurring theme of his posthumous book is plainly stated: "With an investment of over one-fourth of the total capital of the nation and a labor force equal to almost one-third of all people gainfully employed, agriculture . . . in 1909 received only 18 per cent of the national income." That *is* the problem of agriculture; and it is the only problem of agriculture worth public discussion until something has been done about it. What must happen, Mr. Wallace felt, is a diversion of enough of our economic surpluses to rural institutions so that they may assume themselves some of the attractive finish which we find upon our modern cities. But where are the signs that it may happen?

Modern Turkey. A Politico-Economic Interpretation, 1908-23 Inclusive, with Selected Chapters by Representative Authorities. By Eliot Grinnell Mears. The Macmillan Company. $6.

Bulky and unorganized, this is yet a fascinating volume. Some of the essays which were contributed by Mr. Mears himself, as well as those by American and Turkish authorities and several representatives of the nationalities living in Turkey, will be found of considerable service for purposes of reference, elucidating as they do the almost unexplored regions of Ana-

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tolia. Here, perhaps for the first time, has been given in a comprehensive way the mental and spiritual picture of that Turkey which is typified by Angora, the dirty little capital of the Turkish Republic, as contrasted with that Imperial Turkey which was represented by decadent Constantinople, now crumbling down.

The River of Life. By John St. Loe Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

Mr. Strachey's latest book is not a continuation of the attractive autobiography he published in 1922 under the title "The Adventure of Living." It is, to use his own words, "a desultory and digressive diary," embodying reflections that have occurred to him at different times during the last two years. We find its author philosophizing pleasantly on a great variety of topics. Within the compass of a few pages his punt drifts, to use another of his own phrases, from the relations between parents and children to the practice of scribbling comments on the margins of books, Roman aqueducts, a bullfight in Southern France, and the most depressing lines in English poetry. And the mind through which these reflections have passed seems more than ever before to be a highly cultivated one; it is well nurtured on the best literature of many periods and though it is mild it is not commonplace.

What I Believe. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

The beliefs of a competent and brilliant modern mind on the most important subjects in the world, nakedly clear and disconcertingly convincing.

Notable Fall Books

Through a most regrettable error the following items from the Fall announcement of Boni and Liveright were omitted from "The Nation's" *booklist of October 14th:*

BIOGRAPHY

Hedin, Sven. My Life as an Explorer. Boni & Liveright. $5.
Herriot, Edouard. Madame Récamier. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $7.50.
Ricci, Corrado. Beatrice Cenci. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $10.

FICTION

Anderson, Sherwood. Dark Laughter. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.
Atherton, Gertrude. The Crystal Cup. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Bercovici, Konrad. The Marriage Guest. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Broun, Heywood. Gandle Follows His Nose. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Dreiser, Theodore. An American Tragedy. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $4.
Du Gard, Roger Martin. The Thibaults. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $5.
Hemingway, Ernest. In Our Time. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Hummel, George F. A Good Man. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Komroff, Manuel. The Grace of Lambs. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Loeb, Harold. Doodab. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Morand, Paul. Lewis and Irene. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Rascoe, Burton. Gustibus. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

HISTORY, CRITICISM, SCIENCE

Fishbein, Morris. The Medical Follies. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Hamilton, A. E. The Real Boy and the New School. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.
Lewisohn, Ludwig. Israel. Boni & Liveright. $3.
Lindsey, Ben B. The Revolt of Modern Youth. Boni & Liveright. $3.
Macy, John. The Story of the World's Literature. Boni & Liveright. $5.
Stekel, Wilhelm. Frigidity in Woman in Relation to Her Love Life. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $9.
Van Loon, Hendrik Willem. Tolerance. Boni & Liveright. $3.

POETRY

Aiken, Conrad. Priapus and the Pool and Other Poems. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Jeffers, Robinson. Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems. Boni & Liveright. $3.
Taggard, Genevieve, Ed. May Days: An Anthology of Masses and Liberator Verse. Boni & Liveright. $3.

Drama

Vita Brevis

THAT Schnitzler's highly interesting play, "The Call of Life" (Comedy Theater), is one of its author's earlier efforts is revealed by something more than that unnatural heightening of its colors which betrays the exuberance of an undisciplined imagination. Its very theme—the brevity of life and the sin of wasting one of its fleeting moments—is a theme which youth would choose, for it is not toward the end, when ardor has cooled and experience has taught how many promises go unfulfilled, that life seems most precious but rather at the beginning when every knock at the door seems to herald some unknown and delightful visitor. Thus it is that death seems closest to those from whom it is in reality farthest away, and thus that old men with only a year or two to live contentedly doze the months away while youths agoni over a summer lost as though there were not countless summers yet to come. The Schnitzler who wrote "The Call of Life" had not yet arrived at the conviction, so plainly expressed in later plays, that existence is a game played against an antagonist who always wins and whose name is Boredom; rather was he one who did not as yet know life well enough to picture it in a manner wholly convincing but who, perhaps because of that imperfect knowledge, was able to express his passionate conviction that the bitterest of all thoughts is the thought that one may be deprived of the opportunity of knowing it. The sentence, uttered by one in the grip of such a fear, which gives the key to the emotion of the piece is this: "Only those who have much to remember lie quietly in their graves"; and it is plainly the utterance of a man who possessed the two qualities which make life seem most precious. He was young and he was an artist.

The first act of the play is by far the best because it is the simplest and the most clear cut. With a sense of reality never recaptured during the succeeding two acts it presents the picture of a young girl chained to the bedside of a slowly dying father and struggling between the artificial sense of duty to her parent and the natural sense of her right to life. Without, the noise of the passing throng summons her to a participation in the experiences which seem in imagination so unutterably important; within, the old man, intuitively conscious of her struggle, suggests with the logic of age that many years will remain after he is dead; but to her it seems that if this one night and the lover who awaits her is missed all life will be missed, and the author who understands the father with his head but understands her with his heart sends her to her adventure and her lover. From then on, it must be confessed, the play grows steadily less convincing as a picture of real life; the theme pursued through various intricacies and reintroduced in new surroundings becomes less and less sharply defined, and the incidents grow more and more theatrical. Yet, withal, the theatricalism is of a not wholly unpleasant kind, for it is not the result of insincerity and trickery but of a genuine feeling which cannot quite adequately express itself; and thus, though verisimilitude sometimes fails, the genuineness of the emotion is always clearly and interestingly evident.

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The author has nowhere actually thought his way through, and his sincerity is not of a predominantly intellectual sort. Because his conviction that the call of life is higher than the call of duty is not the reasoned conclusion of a Nietzschean philosopher but the instinctive protest of ardent youth against all that stands between him and his imperious need for experience, he is capable even of a relenting conclusion which pays the tribute of a perfunctory bow to conventional ideals of remorse and atonement; but for the same reason even its theatricalities are touched with poetic passion. Dudley Digges, who directed the production for the Actors Theater, has, so it seems to me, caught perfectly the spirit of the piece and wisely refrained from any attempt to pitch it in too realistic a key. He has permitted the actors, among whom Eva Le Gallienne, Egon Brecher, and Rosalind Fuller deserve especial praise, the slightly romantic and the slightly theatrical gestures with which the eager imagination of the author certainly endowed them, and he has correctly assumed that in the play so presented the sincerity of feeling would be evident behind the artificialities of expression. "The Call of Life" remains one of those works, rarer in the drama than in any other literary genre, whose very imperfections constitute an interesting revelation of the mind of the author. Certainly it is one of the plays of the season most worth seeing.

The enterprising group at the Cherry Lane Theater has undertaken a revival of the ballad-opera "Polly" which John Gay wrote as a sequel to his "Beggar's Opera." Rowdy and inconsequential like its predecessor, it has no song quite so famous as "I could be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away" and no divertissement so excruciating as "The Happy Hen," but it is made of the same stuff and inspired with the same resistless flow of animal spirits. Its old tunes, now vehement with the boisterous merriment of the tavern and now wistful with the far-away pathos of the folk ballad, recall in its full vigor the life of a vanished age, and the rank flavor of its cynical humor is as pungent as ever it was.

At the Schildkraut Theater in the Bronx Rudolph Schildkraut is acting in the original Yiddish the fantastic comedy, "The Bronx Express," which once appeared briefly on Broadway. Its racily local humor can often be appreciated even by those who, like myself, do not understand the language; the dream scenes which require that the suggestion of a subway car shall be always present are set with great ingenuity. Mr. Schildkraut, as always, gives an excellent performance.

"Stolen Fruit" (Eltinge Theater) is a highly emotional play taken from the Italian and acted by Ann Harding and Rollo Peters. In spite of an excellent performance it seemed to me curiously unreal. "The Crooked Friday" (Bijou Theater), offered as a vehicle for the English actor Dennis Nielson-Terry, put a yet severer and, indeed, insupportable strain upon credulity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

Actors' Theatre presents "The Call of Life," by Arthur Schnitzler, English version by Dorothy Donnelly, with a distinguished cast; staged by Dudley Digges; settings by Jo Mielziner; at the Comedy Theatre. Phone Penn. 3558. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Subscription books open for the program season. Address David Wallace, Actors' Theatre, 45 W. 47th Street.

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"Whitman, Bellamy, Frank Norris"
Friday, Oct. 23, 8:30 P. M.

Vernon Loggins
"Anatole France and Romain Rolland"
Thursday, Oct. 29, 8:30 P. M.

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Monday, November 9, 6:30 P.M.
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International Relations Section

The French Budget for 1926

THE following analysis of the French budget for 1926 with supplementary facts on previous budgets was received recently from the Reference Service on International Affairs of the American Library in Paris, Inc.:

I. General Summary

It will be recalled that the 1925 budget was not adopted by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies until July 14 of this year. Before the overthrow of the Herriot Ministry in April numerous budget projects had been presented but the Senate and Chamber of Deputies could not agree on any one project. No radical change in the previously submitted proposals was possible under the present ministry, for the budget had to be passed before the adjournment of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in July. Thus, the new finance minister, M. Caillaux, has in his 1926 budget proposal been able for the first time to present completely his own financial program and "a truthful budget comprising all the state expenses."

The 1926 proposal is in great part modeled on the current budget. It is stated that no marked revision of departmental estimates has proved possible. Rather than a few minor reductions in the expenditures of departments an attempt has been made to produce a balanced budget by means of heavier and new taxes.

To the expenditure side, under M. Caillaux's project for 1926, are added 1,600 million francs for the incorporation of the war pensions and 360 million francs to cover the expenses arising from the administration of the post, telegraph, and telephone services. While these expenditures are added, important items are withdrawn from the revenue column. The 1,100 million francs forecast in the 1925 budget as the amount to be received from Germany under the Dawes plan is now dropped. Further, the estimated revenue to be derived from the arrears of the special tax on war profits totals 375 million francs less in the 1926 proposal than in the 1925 budget. The revenue to be derived from the liquidation of stocks is similarly estimated at 436 million francs less than forecast for the current year.

This diminution of revenue and increase of expenditure makes at the start a deficit of 3,870 million francs. With all changes in the revenue, including the new taxes, taken into consideration, the 1926 budget shows the following results:

	Francs
Revenue	32,600,000,000
Expenditure	36,040,000,000
Deficit	3,440,000,000

This deficit is to be met by new taxes which are to be secured from "all owners, from all those equally to whom work secures a large income, from those only." Thus the tax on salaries and wages is to be 10 per cent; on salaries and wages combined with invested capital 15 per cent; and on return from movable and immovable capital 20 per cent. These progressive increases, in the words of M. Caillaux, "will maintain between the three sources of revenue that inequality of regime which is the essential condition of fiscal justice." It is widely commented that the burden of the new taxes falls in great part upon the small well-to-do class. On the other hand, the poorer taxpayers unable to work because of age or infirmity are to be exempt from taxation on one-half of their income.

Besides a uniform and marked increase of the income tax schedules the new budget proposes a progressive tax on wealth to an average of 40 per cent in the case of large incomes. This tax is imposed in the form of an increase in the rates of the general income tax, to which it is supplementary.

Finally, heavy taxes are proposed for unproductive capital such as works of art, libraries of rare books, and jewels. When all these new taxes are applied, the budget forecasts a result of:

	Francs
Revenue	36,172,091,077
Expenditure	36,039,407,619
Surplus	132,683,458

Expenditures on account of the devastated regions and the interallied debts are to be met by an amortization fund which will be made up of the total of receipts derived from the payments from Germany and, moreover, of recoveries that will be imposed on those who reaped "sudden and unjust profits in the devastated regions." Then, states M. Caillaux, "if the Dawes plan receives, as we should not doubt, its complete application, the annuities which will be received from it, and which from 1930 onward will exceed 1,500 million gold francs, will enable France to meet her engagements."

A direct relation is thus established in the budget between the sum that France will receive from Germany and the payments that may be made on account of the debt owed to the United States and Great Britain. In various quarters this relation of the amortization fund to the negotiations in Washington for a settlement of the debt owed to the United States is freely commented upon.

II. Review of French Budgets

The observation has often been made that even before the dislocation of finances caused by the World War the French Government did not produce a balanced budget. An analysis of all the budgets passed from 1880 to 1913, however, shows that for this period of thirty-two years there was a total deficit of 10,529,000 francs, or, at the 1913 rate of conversion, $2,032,097. During the period 1914-1920 there was naturally a heavy deficit. Since 1922 progress has been made toward a balanced budget, but even for the year 1924 the reporter for the Senate Finance Committee announced June last a deficit of 3,446,622,014 francs.

For the last few years the balances that are shown are not final and may not in fact be approximate. This results both from supplementary appropriations made after the end of a given fiscal year and from financing which does not appear in the general budget. In particular, mention must be made of the separate budgets for (1) the railways and (2) the post, telegraph, and telephone services. The latter, as already mentioned, is for the first time incorporated in the 1926 budget proposal, where it is placed under the Ministry of Commerce. Finally, recent budgets cannot be estimated with a close degree of proximity because of items such as the results of the Ruhr occupation.

Both before and since the war the state-operated railways have shown a steady deficit. In 1913, for example, the deficit was 79 million francs; in 1923, 1,114 million francs; and in 1924, 458 million francs. For the entire period 1913-1924 the deficit totals 10,395 million francs, or an average of 866,250,000 francs deficit yearly. Thus this item alone would increase appreciably the deficit of the general budget for any given year.

Unlike the railroads the post, telegraph, and telephone services showed a surplus before the war. In 1913 this surplus totaled 132,851,085 francs. Then followed heavy war-time deficits, which continued until 1923, when the adverse balance was only a little over 3 million francs. For the current year, 1925, a surplus of 59 million francs is estimated. The recent material increase in post and telegraph rates in France will account for this surplus.

Finally, in the category of expenses not included in the deficit of the general budget must be mentioned the sums spent in restoring the so-called devastated regions. Up to the first of

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January last some 60 billion francs had been paid in indemnities to those who lost their property in the war; 13 billion francs had been spent on reconstruction, restoration of public property, and railways; 36 billion francs for injuries suffered by individuals; and 19 billion francs for accumulated interest. These expenditures, totaling 129 billion francs, are considered as "recoverable," that is, they are to be defrayed by Germany in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles. The French Finance Minister now estimates that the sums yet to be paid in indemnities in the devastated regions do not exceed 20 billion paper francs. The new budget proposal incorporates this expenditure in the general budget as well as in a special budget.

III. French Taxes

The principal source of revenue from taxation in France arises from direct and revenue taxes. Next in importance comes the revenue derived from registration and from a special tax collected upon payment of all accounts. The following table shows in full the different sources of revenue derived from taxation and the importance of each source:

Kind of revenue	1913	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926
			(in millions of francs)				proposal	estimate
Direct contributions, assimilated taxes, income tax	634	1,929	3,495	3,377	4,530	5,807	6,171	8,494
Registration tax	834	2,718	2,705	2,960	3,392	4,606	5,200	5,678
Stamp tax	241	517	565	617	698	595	976	1,324
Tax on bourse transactions	10	25	19	26	53	93	166	148
Tax on income derived from movable property	138	568	926	1,018	1,166	1,683	1,849	3,171
Luxury tax, tax on business turnover*	...	942	1,911	2,301	3,041	4,110	4,460	4,950
Customs tax	756	1,596	1,197	1,615	1,610	1,604	2,305	2,221
Revenue from indirect contributions (includes revenue from duties levied on colonial products, automobiles, petroleum, wines, coffee, etc.)	720	2,612	2,919	3,198	3,522	3,965	3,759	3,811
Sugar and saccharine	191	444	365	564	544	495	492	445
Revenue from fiscal monopolies	611	1,582	1,711	1,803	2,035	2,252	2,639	2,756
Total	4,135	12,933	15,813	17,479	20,591	25,210	28,017	32,998

A comparison of the total estimates of the 1925 budget with the 1926 proposal shows a total increase in the latter of 5,181 million francs.

* Only a small per cent of the return given is from the luxury tax as such.

On the basis of taxes now in existence the tax per capita in France was 524 francs in 1923, and in 1924 around 637 francs. The new taxes proposed by M. Caillaux in the 1926 budget will, it is estimated in certain quarters, raise the taxation to 1,000 francs per capita. These figures do not, of course, take into consideration indirect taxes. Nor do they include local taxes, which, as the French contend, materially add to their taxation. It is generally pointed out in the press outside of France, however, that despite the increase in taxation, direct and indirect, no drag on industrial or agricultural development has resulted. The lack of unemployment, the surplus of exports over imports, and other factors are often commented upon as being signs of a general prosperity.

IV. The 1926 Budget Proposal

The new taxes and other features of the 1926 budget proposal have been explained in some detail. The proposal itself is now outlined. As is evident from the table given below, no marked decreases in expenditure have been made in the case of departmental estimates.

Comparison of the Estimated Expenditure of the General Budget for 1925 and the Caillaux Proposal for 1926

Ministries and Services	Credits granted for 1925	Credits proposed for 1926	Differences in 1926 proposal
Ministry of Finance. { Finance	22,230,547,105	23,570,082,900	+1,339,535,795
{ Liberated Regions	533,187,645	477,370,500	—55,817,145
Ministry of Justice.. { Judicial Service	90,259,882	90,702,400	+442,518
{ Penitentiary Service	57,304,300	57,175,700	—128,600
Ministry of Foreign Affairs	131,739,747	142,363,200	+10,623,453
Ministry of Interior	341,962,789	334,750,400	—7,212,389
Ministry of War	3,466,949,579	3,967,113,719	+500,164,140
Ministry of Marine	1,251,973,465	1,496,507,400	+244,533,935
Ministry of Public Instruction and Arts... { Public Instruction	1,584,119,293	1,586,793,900	+2,674,607
{ Arts	74,867,700	70,561,200	—4,306,500
{ Technical Instruction..	77,867,700	97,289,100	+20,278,017
Ministry of Commerce, Industry, and of Postal and Telegraphic Services	28,839,938	387,353,100	+358,513,162
Ministry of Labor, Health, Social Work	641,391,780	628,412,900	—12,978,880
Ministry of Colonies	254,113,084	270,266,000	+16,152,916
Ministry of Agriculture	227,682,420	217,923,000	—9,759,420
Ministry of Public Works..... { Public Works	1,469,463,125	1,557,389,700	+87,926,575
{ Ports, Fisheries, Merchant Marine.	281,245,743	288,174,100	+6,928,357
{ Aviation, Aerial Transport	152,581,700	152,575,000	—6,700
Ministry of Pensions	241,940,240	646,603,400	+404,663,160
Total	33,138,037,235	36,039,407,619	+2,901,370,384

V. The French Public Debt

For the last three years the sums devoted in the French budgets to the public debt have increased. Further the fundamental principles of a balanced budget are now in part determined by the maturity of internal and external obligations. In July, September, and December of this year, for example, 3,290 million francs, 8 billion francs, and 10 billion francs respectively fall due on the internal debt. It is estimated, however, that not over one-third of these obligations due will be called for by the present holders.

The Internal Debt

The French internal debt is divided into three classes, the annual sums required to meet which are as follows:

	Annuities due June 30, 1924	Annuities due April 30, 1925	Difference
Perpetual and long term debt	7,281,358,756	7,451,232,802	+169,874,046
Short term debt	2,139,230,140	2,692,869,140	+553,639,000
Floating debt	3,011,289,000	2,762,584,000	—248,705,000
Total	12,431,877,896	12,906,685,942	+474,808,046

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The External Debt

The external debt is divided into two classes: political and commercial. The political debt includes those sums owed to the American and British governments, an accord for the settlement of which is now being negotiated.

The principal of the debt owed by France to the American Government as of April 30, 1925, amounted to 2,933 million dollars. If an interest of 3½ per cent, together with ½ per cent for amortization purposes, is paid on this debt, as in the case of the Belgian debt, with and after the eleventh year a sum of 128 million dollars would have to be paid annually. For the first year a sum of some 38 million dollars would fall due, and this would be augmented until it reached the sum of 128 million dollars.

The principal of the debt owed to Great Britain as of April 30, 1925, amounted to 637,828,000 pounds sterling. At the recent conference in London a plan was agreed upon whereby France may pay 12,500,000 pounds sterling annually to Great Britain for 62 years irrespective of the annuities she may receive under the Dawes plan. A partial moratorium may apply until 1930. The British Government, however, has reserved the right to receive payments which are proportional and *pari passu* with those that France may agree to make to the American Government. Thus it is not possible in either case to estimate the exact amount that future French budgets must provide for the payment of the so-called political debt.

The present situation of the commercial debt is illustrated in tabular form as follows:

Commercial Debt

	Nature of Debt	Kind of currency	Amount of Principal in currency contracted June 30, 1924	Amount of Principal in currency contracted June 30, 1925	Yearly annuities due in francs estimated in Budget of 1925	Yearly annuities due in francs proposal for 1926
United States	Loan 1920	Dollars	84,775,600	80,747,200	114,927,000	122.201 000
	Loan 1921	Dollars	75,896,000	70,253,900	86,947,000	94,003.000
	Loan 1924	Dollars	.....	98,449,500	.....	127.978.000
	Loans of towns of Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux	Dollars	40,586,000	40,586,000	43,887,672	48.081.000
	Bonds in remittance for stocks	Dollars	407,341,145	407,341,145	366,607,026	401.638.000
	Balance of the Anglo-French	Dollars	13,850	13,850	11,232	12.000
	Balance of the 3½ per cent loan	Dollars	2,110,000	2,110,000	2,091,510	2,291 000
England	Bonds issued in England	Pounds	.....	4,400,000	.....	28,431,000
	Treasury Bonds transmitted to the Bank of England	Pounds	52,500,000	47,000,000	212,115,000	199,017,000
	Cession of English stocks	Pounds	7,476,069	6,726,069	5,277,200	.....
Bank Credits	Spain	Pesetas	339,500	.....	.....	.....
	Netherlands	Florins	54,300,000	54,300,000	23,100,000	26.004.000
	Argentina	Gold Pesos	19,425,795	19,425,795	13,598,060	17,182,000
	Uruguay	Urug. Piastre	15,000,000	10,500,000	7,875,000	7.809.000
	Canada	Canadian $	5,730,000	230,000	227,700	124.000
	Egypt	Egyptian £	2,000,000	1,000,000	7,072,500	2.794.000
Japan	Loan floated in Japan	Yen	50,000,000	paid	.....	.....
	Treasury Bonds issued in Japan	Yen	20,000,000	off	.....	.....
	Total		.....	.....	883,736,900	1,077,565,000

VI. Credits of the French Government

Finally, in giving a general view of the problems facing French finance the sums owed to France must be taken into consideration. The greatest of her foreign debtors is the former Russian Government and certain intermediary governments succeeding it. Altogether France is owed 16,313,251,000 francs, of which no great part will be realized at least in the near future.

Table of Credits of France with Foreign Governments as of April 30, 1925

	Credits in French currency Francs	Credits in Foreign currency	Against credits in French currency Francs	Against credits in foreign currency
Russia (old regime)	6,411,000,000*	.....	161,153,031	.....
Russia (different governments)	415,200,000	10,553,145 Roubles	.....	.....
Belgium	3,061,000,000	.....	.....	.....
Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom	1,940,000,000†	.....	192,881,357	17.226.719 Dinars
Rumania	1,055,400,000	.....	.....	.....
Greece	804,500,000‡	.....	.....	278.092.937 Drachmes
Poland	960,000,000	.....	.....	.....
Czecho-slovakia	490,900,000	$1,149,212	33,000,000	.....
Italy	1,148,000,000	Lire: 16,983,000	81,614,137	Lire: 887,492,000
	.....	£18,826:3:8	.....	.....
Portugal	9,051.000	.....	.....	.....
Esthonia	3,500,000	.....	.....	.....
Latvia	9,200,000	.....	.....	.....
Lithuania	2,300,000	.....	.....	.....
Hungary	800,000	.....	.....	.....
Austria	400,000	$16,000,000	.....	.....
	.....	Lire: 35,000,000	.....	.....
Georgia	200,000	.....	.....	.....
Albania	1,800,000	.....	.....	.....
Total	16,313,251,000§	.....	468,648,525	.....

* Includes 1,585,000,000 francs discount at the Banque de France. † Includes 177,380,000 francs of credits. ‡ Includes 330,000,000 francs of credits.
§ An amount of 1,437,000,000 francs of the total is covered by budgetary credits.

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